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[ONE PENNY.]

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE prospects of educational peace are remote. Conferences between representative have resulted in little or no substantial agreement on the cardinal points, though it is rumoured that negotiations are still on foot between the highest authorities. Lord Crewe had nothing to say on Monday as to the fate of the Education Bill, but unofficial announcements declare that it will be re-introduced in the autumn. The Licensing Bill is to be pushed vigorously on, and, in this connection, we would urge all supporters who can to attend the demonstration next Saturday in Hyde Park. Members of the National Unitarian Temperance Association, who would like to form a contingent, are invited to send their names to Mr. W. R. Marshall, organising secretary, not later than Monday.

THE first award of the Frances Power Cobbe Memorial Prize has just been made. The competitors included students from Somerville College, Oxford, Newnham College, Cambridge, and Dublin University. The successful student, with happy appropriateness of nationality, is Miss Eileen M'Cutchan, of the Dublin University. The prize, which is of £21, is offered for "the best Essay on any subject—ethical, philosophical, or religious—bearing on the Evidence of a Divine Will and Purpose in Nature and in Man, and the testimonies of conscience and experience to the realities of the spiritual life." The subject of the essays on which the award has just been made was a passage from

Miss Cobbe's "Intuitive Morals" (fourth edition, p. 181) on the significance of the moral sense of Pleasure in Virtue and Pain in Vice. The competition was open to women students of not more than four years' standing, of Somerville College and Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford; Newnham and Girton Colleges, Cambridge; and Trinity and Alexandra Colleges, Dublin. The trustees are Lady Battersea, the Dean of Hereford, and Dr. Carpenter, Principal of Manchester College, Oxford.

MRS. MACKIRDY, better known as Miss Malvery, is intending to establish in London a cheap and clean night shelter for women and girls. She has spent thirteen nights in disguise among the most uncared-for women of London, and shared their experiences. She tried what it was to pick up a living and seek lodging without money in her pocket or luggage of any kind, and she gives a record of those nights in a book published by Hodder and Stoughton. She is greatly impressed with the need for lonely women of respectable and cheap shelter, and seeks to raise a fund of £10,000 towards which the profits of her book will be devoted.

THE "League of Progressive Thought and Social Service," which has been formed with the Rev. R. J. Campbell as President, has already enrolled 500 members. Its objects are as follows:—(1) To provide a common meeting ground and fellowship for all who are in sympathy with progressive Christian thought. (2) To propagate the truth of progressive Christian thought as a practical gospel for modern life. (3) To work for a social reconstruction which shall give economic emancipation to all workers, with fullest opportunities and the most favourable surroundings for individual development, and establish a new social order based upon co-operation for life instead of competition for existence. (4) To help in the creation of a stronger sense of individual, civic, and national responsibility for the destructive social conditions of the day; to co-operate, as far as possible, with other organisations having similar aims, and to assist in the election to public bodies of advanced social reformers." The League, it is claimed, "provides a fellowship for all progressive thinkers on religion, Socialists, and social workers who desire to identify their social, political, and ethical ideals with the teaching of Jesus Christ." The organising secretary is Rev. F. R. Swan, 133, Salisbury-square, W.C.

PERHAPS the most notable contribution to the proceedings of the recent Inter-

national Congregational Council at Edinburgh was the Council sermon preached by Dr. Geo. A. Gordon, of Boston, U.S.A. Of great length, yet sustained throughout in thought and power, a finer plea for liberal religion no one could have desired. The subject was "The Spirit of Truth" (John xvi. 13). The preacher began by stating that many were afraid of the signs of the times, and preferred semi-bondage to absolute freedom. Their faith in freedom was not great enough to make them see in it the opportunity for great achievements. They trembled for religion itself, when they ought to see that "the essential lives by its own right, that it needs no sanction beyond its own character, that it depends upon nothing foreign to itself, that it is as lasting as the order of which it is a part." Such an attitude he characterised as a "profound scepticism concerning the power of the Christian faith." Their supreme concern was not to be orthodox, but to be true. "For the intellect there is but one interest, to know the truth; for the heart there is but one concern, to love the truth; for the will there is but one aim, to do the truth." But this pursuit of truth had, since the apostolic age, largely given way before soundness of views, tested by tradition. This "aboriginal interest of the human soul" had been "subordinated to the conservation of traditional opinion, safety, peace." "There is an orthodoxy against nature, both human and divine, an orthodoxy against the meaning of the incarnation of Jesus Christ, an orthodoxy against God." In building the edifice of the Christian faith to keep out the heretic they had kept out the prophet. It was by the prevailing power of that spirit that Jesus came by his death.

LATER on in his sermon Dr. Gordon powerfully elucidated the thought that in their anxiety over the historic Gospel men had neglected the contemporary Gospel. "We have fought for the truth that was, and we have been too unmindful of the truth that is. We have fought against ideas, old and new, as against masks, and we have not been pure enough nor great enough to look upon the naked order of our human world. Here, and not yonder, is our truth. Here, and not yonder, is your own soul, joined to the soul of your brother in a tremendous order of obligation. . . . You have fallen into doubt and despair over the great things of the past, because you have not opened your moral being in awe and trust to the ever-living and ever-present God. The contemporary kingdom of love is the only way over which we may pass to the historic kingdom of love; it is the only

avenue along which we may go to the eternal kingdom of love." Then, referring to the Gospel as an organism of ideas the preacher exhibited the grand scope of his vision by declaring, "There is nothing that our faith cannot assimilate except atheism and inhumanity, the denial of the infinite soul and the denial of the soul of man." Christianity has a genius for growth, and they must "beware of claiming too much for the Gospel as it left the mind of Jesus." To make of the living power of Christ's word something fixed and unexpansive was to convict themselves of disloyalty to Him. "Authority is for minors, freedom is for men." So, finally, the eternal substance of their faith was the republic of souls. "Of this republic of souls all literature all liturgies, all confessions, all philosophies of belief, all most sacred books and Bibles, are but the expression, as the leaves of the forest when summer is green are but the expression of the abiding life of the tree."

THE Wesleyan Methodist Conference is being held for the first time, we believe, this year at York. The moving around of about one-third of the ministers is always one important work of the Conference officials. The first draft of ministers for the coming year is already published. The work of preparing the list is much lightened by the fact that most of the ministers have received and provisionally accepted invitations. In many cases while a minister is on his way to B he is already considering whether he is likely to accept the invitation to C in three years' time.

A JOINT committee from the Wesleyan and the United Methodist Conference is about to set to work to compile a Sunday-school hymn-book for the use of both denominations. Formal sanction of this scheme will doubtless be given by the present Conference. In the course of preliminary discussions and letter-writings, *The Sunday School Hymnary*, edited by Carey Bonner, was several times spoken of in terms of warm commendation. It is a cheerful, almost a jolly book, sprightly and varied in words and music, rather bulky, and, as seems inevitable in all children's books, occasionally absurd:

"Hear the pennies dropping,
Listen while they fall,
Ev'ry one for Jesus,
He shall have them all."

On the whole, the kind of book no Sunday-school teacher's American organ should be without.

MORE difficult than the compilation of a hymnal will be the adjustment of different views, and the eliciting of the wisest judgments on the question of membership. To broaden the basis is one thing, to ensure increased returns quite another in religious as in secular matters. Problem: To make certain that membership shall not mean less, but more than formerly (that the currency be not depreciated), and yet that members shall not decrease but increase satisfactorily year by year. The church, Wesleyan or any other, which solves that problem will deserve the thanks of its fellows.

THE eleventh summer session of the New York School of Philanthropy opened on Monday, June 15, with a public meeting in the Assembly Hall of the United Charities Building. Its work extends over six weeks, with daily meetings for lecture and discussion, and offers opportunities for seeing the practical work of many institutions in and about New York. The opening address was given by Dr. Lee K. Frankel, formerly superintendent of the United Hebrew Charities of New York City. "Constructive Philanthropy" was his subject, and the purpose of the address was to show that the progressive principles of a collectively conscious society could no longer be summed up in the formula of the Evolutionists' doctrine of the "struggle for existence" and the "survival of the fittest."

"THE master formula of future progress," said Dr. Frankel, "must of necessity be the struggle against the struggle for existence." And he added:—"An unconscious society has sat by idly for centuries nursing the delusion of the survival of the fittest. Its legislative measures have in a humanitarian spirit provided for the assumed unfit, in the belief, if not in the hope, that they would eventually die out. Its preachers and men of wisdom have promulgated doctrines of easement, to show the folly of struggle against the decree of an all-wise Creator. With the master formula, the bogey of environment loses its perennial terrors; the doctrine of hereditary transmission is read out of court. With this conception, the fiction must disappear that poverty is chastening; that it is a blessing; that it comes as divine dispensation. With this belief, poverty is not good, but evil and degrading. Poverty, crass and sordid, poverty which dehumanises instead of uplifting, has no place in the eternal scheme of things, and is a product of mankind's inertia and indifference, if not of its greed and selfishness. The struggle of the future is not merely the struggle for existence, but a conflict against the acquired inequalities, which have produced pauperism and the whole host of parasitic ills burdening and retarding social advance."

"WHAT can constructive philanthropy do," Dr. Frankel further asked, "to help remedy existing conditions, and to bring about that ideal state for which we all long? I assume that it will be the province of constructive philanthropy to recognise the fact that a definite amount of poverty and its attendant ills does exist, and will continue to exist for an indefinite time. The best efforts of the intelligent philanthropy of the future will be directed along the lines of amelioration and remedy. But if it is to be at all constructive it must get down to causes, a proper understanding of which will enable us to deal with the subject intelligently and with judgment. Ignorance, the unwillingness of the individual to recognise his duty towards his fellow-men, exploitation of the poor and weak, are causes of poverty which can be traced back to distant origins, and can be shown to be the effects of the ancient doctrine which permitted only the presumably fittest to survive."

To the Committee appointed to consider the importation of plumage Lord Stanmore stated that when he went to Trinidad, in 1886, there were 18 or 19 different kinds of humming-birds, but now there were only about five. The destruction was due to the taking of the finest birds for commercial purposes, and indiscriminate slaughter for the mere sake of shooting. Sir Nathaniel Highmore spoke of large quantities of plumage smuggled out of India. Often cases shipped as consignments of cows' hair and horse hair had been found to contain thousands of bird skins.

THOUGH the ministerial calling is not without its cares, the years seem to sit lightly on many of its members. Only a short time ago we had to record the centenary of a Congregational minister, Rev. Thos. Lord, who was still preaching vigorously. Now we notice the case of a Baptist minister, Rev. J. C. Jones, of Spalding, who, although in the matter of age (he is only 85) behind Mr. Lord, is in another respect in advance of him. For Mr. Jones's ministry, unlike Mr. Lord's, has been exercised at one church only, and covers a continuous period of 62 years. Nor is the period yet complete. Mr. Jones continues the full duties of his pastorate. He has been a member of the Spalding Board of Guardians for between 40 and 50 years, and is now its chairman. He served on the School Board, and has always taken a keen and philanthropic interest in local affairs. With Mr. Lord's example to encourage us, we can with good reason wish Mr. Jones many more years of happy and useful work in the ministry.

In reference to the volume of sermons, "Where the Light Dwelleth," by Dr. Robert Collyer, the author, writing to the secretary of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, says: "The selection of the sermons pleases me very much, and I am actually reading them with a new interest."

WE are informed, and asked to extend the information, that representative teams of our London ministers and laymen will contest at cricket on Monday next, 3.30, at the ground of the Tivoli C.C., Crouch End, N., about ten minutes from the Crouch End station (G.N.R.). Our invitation says "tea provided."

WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.—In addition to the amounts acknowledged in the INQUIRER, May 30, the following donations have been received and transmitted to Wellington in response to the appeal of the Rev. W. Tudor Jones for assistance in building the new church:—Mrs. Briscoe £2 2s., Miss Brock £2 2s., Mr. H. G. Chancellor £2, Miss M. C. Martineau £10, Miss F. A. Short £2, Mrs. H. Rutt £5 5s., Mr. L. N. Williams, £2 2s., "A Working Woman" 2s. 6d. Donations of £5 5s. from Mr. John Harrison, president of the Association, and of £2 2s. from Mr. J. J. Guppy, have since been received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications have been received from the following:—B. B., W. H. B., J. N. F., F. A. H., W. J. J., E. W. L.

THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE CHURCH.

I.

It is curious to note how doctrines long since discarded by the State, philosophy, and science, linger on in religious communities. One had supposed that the *laissez-faire* individualism of the early Victorian period had disappeared with the early Victorian furniture and other abortions. Yet when any attempt is made to organise our Free Churches so that they shall no longer be a fortuitous concourse of atoms, but a whole, with a collective life and consciousness—or, in apostolic language, “*a body*, compacted together by that which every joint supplieth”—the old antithesis between individual and collective life is brought out of the lumber-room of exploded fallacies as if it still had power to warn off “*revolutionaries*” and “*reactionaries*.”

One of the things from which our churches are suffering is a false and exaggerated individualism. It has brought many of them to death's door. Again, the notion that the “*church idea*” is in any kind of conflict or rivalry with personal liberty and conviction, or that collective life is in any way the weakening of a true individuality, only shows a totally inadequate conception of what individual and collective life respectively mean. Long ago Herbert Spencer taught us to think of the State not as a collection of atoms, but as a living organism, like a gigantic tree, with a life of its own which is different from the life of its individual parts. Yet Herbert Spencer was a stout individualist. The fact is, the supposed contrast and conflict between Individualism and Collectivism is a figment of the unimaginative brain. In a healthy state of things the two complete each other. They are correlative factors of one process. The conscious individuality of the man is the product of the collective life of the whole. On the other hand, the stronger the individuality the better it can afford to build up the collective life of its social organisation. Our individual life draws its very existence out of the soil of human fellowship. The movement of our time, in all States and all Churches, is to leave behind the consciousness of merely individualistic ethics and conditions in an attempt to realise the larger responsibilities and powers of collective life.

Two errors are at the bottom of the false individuality which stands in the way of the Church Idea. First, that man is sent into the world and bidden evolve out of his own being the powers of life and the conditions in which he is to live. But man comes into a world already occupied, and finds himself at birth in conditions which settle for him large realms of his life. We are not independent beings with self-evolved powers at all. It used to be taught that the individual is the unit of the State, and the question arose, How did any number of these units form themselves into a Society? It was forgotten that a man at his birth is already *in* a Society. He is related, at all events, to a father and mother. That is the primary fact of his existence. He is not alone, solitary, independent. He is a member of a body—the family. More than that. He

is surrounded from the cradle by a vast network of customs, ideas, conveniences, institutions, faiths, none of which he created, but which pour into him at every turn to shape his soul and destiny. There is a great past at the back of him in which he is rooted and from which he can never cut himself off. There is something previous to him which enters into his life to-day. Every part of him, each sense and faculty, finds the provision for its exercise and training in conditions which were here before he came. A thousand social forces and magnetic influences are gathered about the new-born child. Not merely on his senses, but on his mind and inmost soul, the world into which he has come presses itself. Its creeds and conventions, its standards of right and wrong, its traditions, ideals, limitations, all its discoveries and inventions, form the environment within which he is to unfold his long career. He cannot be separated from them. The fact is, the naked individualist, owing nothing to the collective whole, dependent on no collective life, solitary, single, who is going to evolve out of his own being the powers of his life, does not exist. He never did exist. We live from the first, and only live, in an associated life. More than half of what we are we have received from the whole of which we are parts. No man can construct for himself an air-pump which shall put him *in vacuo* and leave him unrelated to the collective life. When he thinks of it, every man knows that whatever there is of good in him has been made possible and has been secured by associations with his fellowmen that have filled his cup. We are not independent, but *interdependent*.

The second error of a false individuality is the assertion that when people come together in a State or a Church there is no such thing as a collective mind or collective consciousness, but only the mind and conscience of each individual added to that of others. It is affirmed that there is nothing in the addition or aggregation but what is first of all in the individual atoms, and that ultimately, whether in the State or the Church, we have only individual persons to deal with. A corporate mind, whole, and consciousness are delusions of people who want to set up as priests, or to exalt an institution above personal religion. Anything more absurd or more wide of the mark it would be difficult to imagine. It is contradicted alike by history, science, nature, and religious experience. In the aggregation of persons forming, let us say, a Church, there is a powerful factor which is not in the persons themselves. *There is the combination*—a totally new element, producing entirely new results, and which no individual alone can produce. Here are two gases, each with its own distinct properties. Bring them together, and the result is not just the addition of one gas to another; the result is water—a result which neither alone can bring about. But in combination that miracle is achieved. Bring the pollen of the primrose and the stigma of the cowslip together, and the result is a new flower, the oxlip. Nature is full of such instances, as is also the laboratory of the chemist. The combination is itself a third power, and often gives birth to the

unexpected. Browning seized upon this truth in his “*Abt Vogler*,” when speaking of music as the one art which is absolutely creative—that is, an art producing something that did not before exist—he makes the old organist say:

“Here is the finger of God, a flash of the Will that can,

Existent behind all laws, that made them, and, lo, they are!

And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,

That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star!”

As separate sounds they make melody; combine them, and they make an entirely original thing which was not in the world before—they make harmony. Collective human life is much more than the aggregate of separate lives. A crowd will behave in a way no single member of it would think of behaving. It has a life, a passion, sometimes a recklessness and cruelty, which is all its own, and which does not belong to its individual atoms. Masses of men have features and attributes not to be found in single persons. Organised bodies, such as a regiment, or a ship's crew, or a Church, have a definite character, their own consciousness, their own peculiar features. The facts, powers and attributes of collective life are as certain as those of individual life, and even more operative. The life of England is more than the sum of its individual parts. For these parts are in union, and their union brings about a character and a consciousness of its own. Every nation has its own spirit, that which the Germans call the “*Volksgeist*,” a spirit which has its life in the national history, which produces specific traits of nationality differing from the common traits of humanity.

Which things, it will be seen are also true of the Church and in even a more vital way.

JOSEPH WOOD.

OUR SPIRIT-FRIEND.*

TRANSPARENT was the intention of his ways,

Fresh as the dawn his soul's delight, a beam

Of joy shone through his eager gaze, a stream

Of rapture quickened his impassioned phrase,

And so possessed our hearts like songs of praise

Heard by an entranced poet in his dream

Divine, that keeps his purpose pure, supreme

Above the call of unmelodious days.

He passed, and we have left—youth, memory, death,

Ideals, and dreams—the promise not the end?

Faith's great fulfilment found in perfect faith,

Hope's recompense in courage to ascend?

Yea, and Love's inspiration: “*Mine*,” she saith,

“To make you worthier of your Spirit-Friend.”

J. L. HAIGH.

* Written after the death of a young teacher.

IN THE CROW'S NEST.

As we mustered for our festal service in the church at Unterseen, the powers of the air were holding a council of war. The weather was heavy and hot, the church packed with panting humanity and feverish flies, and probably no parson in the place envied Pfarrer Keller, who was to preach. The local committee, whose arrangements were, from first to last, simply perfect, had secured the help of the Kurkapellmeister and his band, and three choral societies had joined to form a choir. Seldom has music had so fair an opportunity. I yearned for the first soft organ-tones to breathe healing on tense nerves, and waft our souls to the starry threshold. At last the accomplished organist sat down to play.

Merciful Heavens, what a noise! We underwent, with set teeth, a splendid Tongedicht, a zoological battle-piece, in which the braying of ten thousand maniac asses was grandly blended with the bellowing of tortured steers. Scylla wept, and fell Charybdis murmured hoarse applause. At last, and quite suddenly, it stopped, and gave place to a lymphatic wibble-wobble with the Vox Humana. Oh, but my thoughts were wicked! "Did ever an organist treat a congregation with more contempt? He says to himself, 'No doubt these Protestant parsons have a reasonably good ear for music. Let's give 'em the tongs and the bones. They'll call that a magnificent volume of sound. Then we'll do a little bit of tremolo *ppp.*, and make 'em cry.' " But I was unjust. What happened was merely that a man accustomed to wield a full orchestra in the open air had over estimated the amount of sound which was tolerable in a middle-sized church. The three choirs sang Schubert's "Allmacht" very finely, but the effect was spoiled by the blare of wind instruments. At the close of their performance the bandsmen scuttled out of church, just in time to escape joining in prayer. Except that our tyrant made us sing two hymns in unison, there was no further oppression. But, so far as one worshipper was concerned, the mischief was done. I was quite in the mood to worship Moloch, but that was not the purpose for which we had assembled.

Pfarrer Keller preached earnestly, thoughtfully, and audibly on the text, "I will give you a new spirit and a new heart." He bade the reformers, who are in danger of languishing because one task is well-nigh done, awake to the realisation of the greater task that stands before them. Taking new heart themselves, and surrendering themselves to a new inspiration, they are to play the prophet in our modern church and give to others what they have received. The plain realisation in life of the reverence and love which we confess with our lips is what our religion must now attempt.

Our preacher gave us words which echoed later in our minds, and set us to searching of hearts in solitude. And this was a fine achievement. For after the musical uproar within the building came a tumult without. During the sermon the storm broke in furious wind and rain. The Lake of Thun, as we afterwards heard, was raging like the sea. The steamboat set out to rescue smaller vessels. A bride

and bridegroom on their honeymoon tour were all but lost; they owe their lives to the heroism of a young boatman. Trees without number were broken and overthrown. In Thun itself a perambulator, with a sleeping child in it, was caught by the wind, blown down a steep staircase, and propelled a great distance along the street; but by God's grace the child slept, undisturbed and unharmed, through all.

The religious Volksabend in Interlaken was delightful from beginning to end. By this time I am quite used to the presence of wine and cigars on such occasions, and I was not in such a blue funk about my German as I had been, two years before, in Chur. The speeches were all good; even the one foreign delegate whose German was notably imperfect used it with such warmth and energy that he earned whole-hearted applause; and the music was exquisite. Direktor Krenger conducted the Interlaken Choral Society in one beautiful song after another, the last of which began on the stroke of midnight. We had an excellent chairman. Pfarrer Altherr and others dealt eloquently with practical Swiss questions, and greetings came from many parts of Germany and from Holland. The central theme of the evening, in the sense that no other theme could be treated without reference to it, was the peculiar position of the Reform movement in this land. In some few places the disdainful animosity which we know so well still actuates the behaviour of the orthodox towards the liberal. In other places the mere party habit remains, while real conservative orthodoxy is hardly to be found. In Graubünden and St. Gallen we are almost all liberal, and have no need to remember that parties exist. There is also a strong inclination among liberals, in Basel and elsewhere, to refrain from any organisation less broad than the Christian Church, on the ground that a genuine liberal stands above party. And it must be remembered that the whole Protestant Church of Switzerland is now a non-subscribing church. Thus the Reform movement has to face three strangely allied antagonists—a bitter orthodox party, a party which "stands above party," and a fiction that parties do not exist.

Now, from a Swiss point of view, I own to an increasing sympathy with the second of these elements—the party which stands above party. If a liberal can use the machinery and influence of the whole Church to advance love of truth and depth and purity of religious feeling, that is surely a better way than to keep a sectional organisation for these high purposes. But we have also to ask, Is there no make-believe about this attitude? And is there not a suspicion of unfaithfulness about it? It cannot be denied that militant conservative organisations are at work, even yet, in Switzerland, and in many places they are strong. Are we to let them operate as they will, unopposed, on the ground, forsooth, that an organised defence of the religious idea, as distinguished from the dogmatic idea, is a party movement? We who enjoy such peace in our own parishes, are we at liberty to forget the brethren elsewhere who need our help? Or is non-subscribing Switzerland to sink back on its couch of victory and ignore

the huge work still to be done in Germany and England? As for me, I think there is, after all, something better than to stand above party; that is, to enter by the door of really earnest sympathy into the strivings of all parties, but, at the same time, to avow openly, and be ready to promote in concerted action, the aims which seem to have the most urgent claim on Christian effort. If, as few dare bluntly deny, the more orthodox churches have conserved a beautiful and helpful religious sentiment which we have allowed ourselves to forget, let us send out all the force of our sympathy in search for it, and become so far orthodox as to regain, cherish, and propagate it. Let us all stand above party in the sense that we value religion and the Church far higher than any partial view, feeling, or section, and that we strive for peace within her borders. We can do this all the better if at the same time we stand and work together, against all that seeks to thwart us, for those reforms of which, in our view, the traditional religious system stands in need.

Whatever may be the truth about Switzerland, I am convinced that in England the shortest way to the realisation of this large-hearted ideal is strenuously to support that movement which emphasises the good life as against compulsory creeds, the Church as a living power for spiritual joy and purity as against the Church as a teacher of necessary dogma, the duty of bringing salvation to the unhappy rather than the duty of seeking salvation in a fold. Nearly everything that is positive and constructive in our Unitarian work seems to me to be good in this highest sense; I regret only that narrower partisan spirit which works restrictively and wastes effort in hampering the development of aspirations which it does not understand.

Naturally enough, then, I laid stress in my little speech on the international character of our common cause. I spoke from a position of vantage as a minister of religion in both countries, and a member of both national societies. That position was strengthened by a very high honour which fell to me at the last moment; I was asked to speak on behalf of the American Unitarian Association also. I enjoyed the proudest moment of my life when I stood up as the representative of Anglo-Saxon Liberal Christianity. My reception in this capacity was all that my constituents could have desired.

The delegates, who met at eight o'clock next morning, had important business to transact, but most of it would not interest you. Among the letters of greeting were one from the Editor of *THE INQUIRER* and one from the secretary of the International Council. Pfarrer Altherr refused to accept the presidency for a fifth term, and Pfarrer Ryser, of Berne, reigns in his stead.

Our chief meeting was held in the English church, and our main business was to hear an address by Dekan Hosang, head of our Rhaetian Synod, on "The Abiding Kernel and the Changing Form of Faith." This admirable paper will, I believe, be published in pamphlet form. It does not lend itself to rapid summary. The conclusions to which our lecturer came were: (1) that the soul of our faith, which is the soul of Christ, must be embodied in forms, but (2) can never find a final and perfect

form on earth; hence (3) no attempt ought to be made to formulate a general confession of faith for the whole Church; (4) the connection between Church and State ought to be maintained, but the tie should not be too tense, and should involve no dogmatic compulsion. This last thesis, which merely upholds the existing state of things in Graubünden, is enough to show the enormous difference in outer conditions between the Church in Great Britain and in this Canton.

We had a banquet, and more speeches—never a tiresome speech among them all; and two pretty children in Berne costume carried a wreath of Alpenrosen and gentians to Pfarrer Altherr, as we rose to honour his name. Then off by boat to Brienz, for speeches and coffee, and back in the wonderful evening light. At night I heard the Kurkapellmeister in his own land, where his work pleased me much better. I spent five minutes in the gambling-hell, and saw enough to make me grieve and rage that such a place should be established in Interlaken. I was reminded of the maladroit chairman at a missionary farewell meeting. "Our friend," said he, "is going to settle in that island where every prospect pleases and only man is vile, and we have every confidence that he will feel at home there." This play casino is against Federal law, and exists by special dispensation for *strangers only*. The exclusion of natives from the tables is enforced by heavy penalties. Swiss patriotism is seen at its worst in these cynical provisions. Even those who deny that public-houses make drunkards must admit that gambling-hells make gamblers. The infectious working of the accursed atmosphere is plain to see. Many an amiable young fool gets into sad trouble because curiosity has led him into this especially subtle temptation. May I urge all Unitarians who visit the Berner Oberland to make verbal protest at Interlaken against such a profanation of that glorious region, and to say—for this will have a real effect—that they will stay elsewhere, at Spiez, Lauterbrunnen, Grindelwald, Meiringen, or another of the many possible places, but not in Interlaken until the casino is abolished?

E. W. LUMMIS.

ECCLESIASTES.*

ANYONE who sets out to write a commentary on the book of Ecclesiastes has so much material ready to hand in the works of previous commentators that he can never be at a loss for a note on every verse, even though he have not much to say of his own. The book, with its short enigmatic sentences, is a challenge to the interpreter, and has been for centuries. By this time one would think that every possible interpretation has been suggested, every possible theory of age, authorship, and construction has been put forward, leaving to the commentator of the present day nothing more to do than to make his choice of what seems to him on the whole most likely to be correct. This is about what Dr. Barton offers in the present volume. The best that can be said of his own work as a commentator is that he

rejects extravagant critical theories, and gives a sane and probable interpretation. He throws over the theory of Haupt, who, on supposed metrical grounds, tears the book into fragments, and distributes the pieces amongst a variety of editors and glossators to an extent which can only be called ridiculous. Dr. Barton contents himself with a very modest amount of glosses and interpolations, and makes no severe demands on the critical credulity of his readers. One wonders whether the writer of the book, if he knows in his present state of existence how the critics have puzzled over his dark sayings, laughs to think how his cynical *obiter dicta* have been made of so much importance, and still more that they should have been treated as Holy Scripture. The present volume provides the reader with a reasonable explanation of the book and its contents; and if the author cannot (as he does not) claim that he has reached the final truth, he has got as near to it as any one is likely to get, where certainty is forever impossible. Dr. Barton has drawn largely upon the work of previous commentators, as he was obliged to do; and his strongest point is the judicious use he makes of them. But, to say the truth, he has left his own personal mark upon his book by an extraordinary number of inaccuracies, not very important in themselves, but rather disquieting as coming from a scholar. This is particularly the case in the spelling of proper names. Theodotion is on every occasion given as Theodotian, as if he were a Latin writer. And fancy Artaxerxes Memnon! or Montfaucon! or Middle-dorpf! or Margouliouth! or "the procession of the equinoxes." Or—but these are enough. A comma misplaced makes Moses a commentator on Ecclesiastes, when Moses Stuart was intended. Dr. Barton makes frequent reference to the Talmud, but quotes it in a way which inclines me to doubt whether he has ever seen a Talmud. Usually, he takes refuge in Jastrow. Tosephta 17.2. is a perfectly unmeaning reference. He speaks of the Synod of Jabne as if it only met at one definite date, instead of being continuous through several years. The book is provided with copious indexes, and a formidable list of abbreviations and critical signs. But the indexes are incomplete, and the abbreviations used are not all explained. The author has an elaborate critical apparatus; but, like David in Saul's armour, he does not seem to have proved it. These things are trifles perhaps; but they are trifles which one does not expect to find in a book published under the general editorship of Driver, Plummer and Briggs. The three Homers seem to have been nodding; and the reader who expects the best from a work which is guaranteed by those scholars may be inclined to express his sense of its usefulness to him, by quoting a curious phrase of Dr. Barton (p. 15), "I have attempted to make little use of this version."

R. T. HERFORD.

To be connected with a church is not necessary to being a Christian, it is sometimes said. It is not necessary to the being, but it is necessary to the well-being of a Christian.—*Albert Goodrich.*

IS HEGELIANISM HARMFUL TO MORALITY?

SIR,—Professor Upton believes that the result to morality of a general acceptance of the "Hegelian" view of sin "could not fail to be disastrous in the extreme." I confess that I am not able to see why one who holds Professor Upton's doctrine of freedom should entertain any such fear. From my own point of view it is painfully clear that erroneous views about morality must re-act injuriously on morality itself, and I have stated the reasons for this in my *Hibbert* article on "The Alchemy of Thought"—the article which gave the first impulse to the recent controversy. But from Professor Upton's point of view I should have thought that it must be matter of indifference whether his philosophy prevails or mine. For morality, according to him, is grounded on certain facts of consciousness which remain precisely what they are independently of what we think about them. No matter what moral theory I may hold, the knowledge that I might do otherwise than I do persists, and no process of reflection, not even if it takes the form of the Hegelian Philosophy, can make away with this knowledge. If this conviction—that I might do otherwise—is the kind of thing that cannot hold out against Hegelian reasoning, then it is certainly not the kind of conviction which Professor Upton's philosophy requires it to be, viz., an ultimate and unanalysable intuition, native to the structure of the mind, but is, rather, dependent for its existence on some process of thought. If, on the other hand, the foundation of morality lies in an intuition which thought cannot destroy, why be apprehensive in regard to the course which thought is taking? In yielding to alarm concerning the effects of Hegelianism upon the moral consciousness, Professor Upton seems to admit that, after all, this consciousness depends for its existence upon thinking. What thinking can undo, as he fears Hegelianism will undo the conscience, cannot be ultimate, but must itself be a product of thought. Now, that is an admission which, for consistency's sake, he ought not to make. An intuition is, by its nature, impregnable to argument. You may base an argument on an intuition, and the whole of Professor Upton's Moral Philosophy is so constructed. But you can never evoke an intuition from an argument, or use an argument to destroy an intuition. Did the danger exist, then, that Hegelianism would destroy morality, this would prove that Professor Upton had made a mistake in calling morality intuitive. As intuition it would be proof against the worst that Hegelianism could do, and all ground for alarm would disappear. It is a pity that thinkers who share Professor Upton's views should not enjoy to the full the sense of security to which they are entitled. In giving way to fear as to what may happen if other theories should triumph, they do not seem to be aware that they are promoting the cause whose victory they dread.

Professor Upton believes, quite erroneously, that the tendency of idealist morality is to obliterate the distinction between "right" and "wrong." For the moment, I will not discuss this belief

* "Ecclesiastes." By G. A. Barton. International Critical Commentary. (T. & T. Clark. 1903. 8s. 6d.)

of his, but will assume, for the sake of the argument, that "Hegelianism" really tends to this pernicious conclusion. Even on that assumption I shall still venture to remind him—of what it is so strange that he should have forgotten—that his own principles forbid him to entertain the least alarm.

Perhaps I may illustrate the matter as follows. Let us suppose, that everybody has an ultimate and unanalysable intuition of the difference between "up" and "down." Now let some school of thinkers appear who should make it their business to prove that "up" is the same as "down," and the supposed difference between them an illusion—which is precisely what Professor Upton thinks Hegelians are doing in regard to "right" and "wrong." Lastly, let a determined attempt be made to convert the engine-drivers of the country to this new philosophy.

Following Professor Upton's method, one would be inclined to predict that such an attempt "could not fail to be disastrous" to the safety of the travelling public. Who would risk his neck in a train driven by some convert to the doctrine that there was no difference between a signal "up" and a signal "down"? But does not the reader perceive that the indulgence of such fears is a complete betrayal of the original understanding—viz., that the perceived difference between up and down was *intuitive*? To regard it as intuitive is to rule out, *ab initio*, the possibility that it can ever be annulled or destroyed by a process of argument. However subtly these new thinkers might argue, the intuition would persist in spite of them; the drivers would still see "up" as "up," and "down" as "down," and be fully aware of the difference between the two. Armed with an *intuition*, they would be protected not only against the philosophers, but against themselves. With the utmost willingness on their part to be converted to the identity of "up" and "down," their conversion would be impossible. Of course, we may amuse ourselves by supposing that some of the drivers might be so debauched by the teachings of the Rev. R. J. Campbell and the rest of us that, while seeing and knowing intuitively that the signal was "up," they might at the same time persuade themselves philosophically that it wasn't. Whom the gods Hegelianise, we might say, they first make mad. But if we, thus, assume the essential insanity of any human will, it seems to me that Professor Upton has just as good grounds for dreading what the drivers will do when they have been converted by him as he would if they had been perverted by me. Even the doctrine of "free-will" in its purest form would hardly avail to save these men from making fools of themselves and mincemeat of the passengers. But granting that the intuition is really there, and that the human will is sufficiently sane to be worth our philosophic trouble, we might continue to sleep calmly o' nights, even though every railway company in the land, from the chairman of directors down to the humblest porter, were exclusively staffed by professed Hegelian philosophers. The service would go on as usual. On what conditions, then, would the new doctrine become dangerous? Only if we

introduce the supposition that the perceived difference between "up" and "down" is not an *intuition*, but a *theory*, or *view*, or *doctrine*, or *logical inference*, which, having been built up by reasoning, may by reasoning be removed. On these conditions the new doctrine would become highly dangerous, and could not fail to be disastrous to public safety. If you suppose that the drivers have *reasoned themselves* into believing that "up" is different from "down," why, then, no one could contemplate without alarm the rise of an active school of thinkers whose avowed aim was to reason the drivers out of their belief. But by framing the case thus, you surrender the central principle of the intuitionist method. I have, therefore, to assure Professor Upton, or rather to remind him, that, unless he is willing to hand over the key of his fortress, he need have no cause for alarm. He will forgive me for wondering, after the fears already expressed by him, whether his determination to hold on to that key is quite as unbending as it was. At all events, the principles he has so long and so ably defended oblige him, I think, to admit that the worst charge he can bring against my philosophy is that it can do morality no harm.

Unfortunately, however, for Professor Upton, the same line of reasoning which proves that my philosophy can do no harm proves also that his can do no good. Were it so that the ultimate truths of the moral life are revealed with intuitive certainty in each man's breast, then the process of reflection which takes the form of moral philosophy would be wasted labour. What office in the scheme of things does that philosophy fulfil which merely informs us of the certainty of that concerning which we are absolutely certain to begin with? These certainties, assumed to be known by each individual, are the data from which this philosophy starts, and its conclusion is that we are certain of them. Thus, in dealing with sin, it concludes, after a long process of reasoning, by assuring the sinner that he might have done otherwise. But this is precisely what, by the theory, the sinner already knew when he committed the sin. The knowledge that he might have done otherwise was essential to the constitution of his sinful act; it contains, according to Professor Upton, the whole secret of his remorse. If he didn't know it, he didn't sin. If he did know it, he knew all you have got to tell him. What, then, is the service rendered by this philosophy to the wrong-doer? What contribution does it make to his moral enlightenment? Shall we say that its purpose is to make him remember, next time he is tempted, that he may do otherwise? But that is precisely what he didn't forget last time. He sinned, not as forgetting, but as remembering that he might do otherwise; hence his remorse. What reason, then, have you for supposing that the knowledge of his power to do otherwise, which proved inefficacious to prevent his sinning on the last occasion, will prove efficacious on the next? Here am I with my remorse: which shows, according to Professor Upton, that I knew all along the real state of the case. But, not satisfied with this, he offers me a complete system

of moral philosophy to assure me that I knew. Really this is superfluous. Whatever truth this philosophy has is *borrowed* from my moral experience, and the end of all its labours is merely to inform me that I have had the experience from which itself has been derived. And not only does it fail to inspire me with hope that I shall do better next time, but it positively introduces a most dangerous misgiving. You tell me with solemn emphasis that last time I did wrong I knew perfectly well that I was free to do right. Well, but, I reply, the next time temptation comes I shall know no more than I did last time. I shall *only* know that I am free to do either. But that knowledge utterly failed to save me yesterday. Why, then, should I expect it to save me to-morrow? Under these circumstances, I can only look forward to the next temptation with intense and well-grounded alarm. My case is that yesterday I deliberately ran past a signal which I *knew* was against me. Professor Upton seems to think that the way to prevent me doing this a second time is to attach a pendant to the signal in the shape of a plain demonstration of free will. Then, when next I see the signal against me with the free-will doctrine dangling from its end, I shall be careful not to run past it. Need I remind him that this device will make no difference whatever to the risk of my going wrong? That principle in me, whatever be its name, which caused me to deliberately disregard the signal when it lacked the pendant is not one whit more likely to obey when the signal has the pendant attached. Why should it be? A being who can fly in the face of plain intuition is, from the nature of the case, a perfectly hopeless subject for moral instruction, and moral philosophy can do nothing whatever with him or for him. Whatever instruction you impart, whatever theory you instil, he will remain just as free to disregard what you have taught him as he was to run past his original intuitions. Nothing you can teach him about free-will can be half as clear and decisive as his own knowledge of freedom which you are compelled to postulate; and if this does not avail to save him, what will? All that you tell him, indeed, merely serves to emphasise the hopelessness of his condition. You practically inform him that he is infected with a deadly disease which no medicine can cure. When once you have told me that full knowledge that I might do otherwise is involved in every act of wrong, it is idle to pretend that a little more knowledge, administered in the shape of "free-will" philosophy will effect any difference whatsoever in the situation. Under such teaching, the memory of what I have done will merely serve to provoke a paralysing fear that I may do it again. It is, therefore, a very moderate statement which says that if my philosophy will do the sinner no harm Professor Upton's will do him no good.

Professor Upton's faith in the moral efficacy of the free-will doctrine is itself a phenomenon which I think he may be justly challenged to explain. What does his faith imply? Does it mean that only those men retain their moral freedom who adopt Professor Upton's views on free will, while those lose it who adopt

mine? Or shall we say, in milder language that persons who agree with him are freer than persons who agree with me. But such a meaning, even in this milder form would be wholly inconsistent with the first principles of Professor Upton's philosophy. For it would be tantamount to saying that freedom, instead of being an irreducible datum of the moral consciousness, is just one of those things which depend on thought for their existence. If you reason in his way, you will remain free; if you reason in mine, you will become a link in the chain of necessity, or at least not quite as free as you were before. Therefore, the freedom you possess depends upon, and is strictly relative to, a process of reason which takes opposite directions in different men. This would never do. For Professor Upton takes his stand on the universal witness of the moral consciousness, and this witness would utterly fail him in the case supposed. If he appealed to his own supporters, they would say, "Yes, we know we are free, but it is to your philosophy that we owe the knowledge." If he appealed to the Hegelians, they would say, "We have been unfortunate enough to reason ourselves out of this conviction you prize so highly, so that we are unable to produce the witness you require." In other words, the consciousness of freedom, instead of existing on its own account, as a fact which philosophy must accept, now turns out to be dependent for its existence on the very philosophy which was supposed to be grounded upon its own indisputable witness. I confess I find it hard to conceive Professor Upton thus admitting that moral freedom is a thing which can be thought into, and out of, existence, according as your philosophy is of this type or of that. And yet what else can he mean by his fear that my way of thinking will do harm to morality, and by his faith that his own way will do good?

L. P. JACKS.

OBITUARY.

MR. JOHN BARTON HUTTON.

News has just arrived of the death at Trinidad of Mr. John Barton Hutton, whose name will be recalled with respect by some of our readers. He was a cousin of the late editor of the *Spectator*, and also of the late Mr. W. W. Bruce. The *Trinidad Mirror* speaks of him as the father of the legal profession in that island, which became his home at the end of 1875. Descended from the Cromwellian Puritan stock which settled in Ireland in the 17th century, he was brought up at Glasneville, near Dublin, graduated at Trinity College, walked the hospitals for a year, and deciding finally to become a lawyer entered the Middle Temple, London. He was one of the founders of a Theistic Society, in conjunction with the Rev. C. Voysey and the late Rev. Rodolph Suffield, which used to meet in Mr. W. Shaen's office, Bedford-row, in the late sixties. Out of this Society grew the Liberal Social Union, lately defunct. Mr. Hutton was a member of Mr. Voysey's congregation till his departure for Trinidad. He died on May 9.

THE CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

AMONG THE BIRDS IN JULY.

NESTS are the little birds' cradles. April, May, and June are the months when most pleasure can be found in looking for and watching these, more or less carefully hidden cradles which are rocked by the wind and curtained by green leaves. A few birds, such as the sparrow and yellow-hammer, rear more than one brood in a year, and have therefore a full cradle as late as August. But for the most part if we want to enjoy bird-babies in July we must look for them in their nurseries, which are the hedges, the trees, even the fence and the roof. A few, such as the lapwing, have the open grass for nest, and nursery, and school. But we will leave school for another time and keep to the nursery. We sometimes regret that in July the birds hardly sing at all. We shall mind this less if we interest ourselves in what I may call the chirp language and try to understand some of it. We then realise that it is perhaps just as well that the father-bird should not make too much noise in the wood, or the weak voices of his babies calling, "We are here, mammy! we are here, daddy!" might not be heard so plainly.

Most young birds leave the nest long before they are strong enough to get food for themselves, and you are much mistaken if you think that when the babies have quitted the cradles the parents may take a long holiday. Come with me on this bridge. We will look for some young birds and see what a busy time their parents have. Look into the elm that overhangs the river. You see no birds. Look again. I can see two—three—five baby sparrows. Ah, you have seen one. Look for the rest. Too big to be a baby bird? Not he! Try to imagine your baby brother, who has just begun to walk, as tall as your father, and dressed in clothes of much the same cut and pattern. How would a stranger know him to be only a baby boy? By his toddling step, by the way he balances himself with arms as he trots, by his happy gurgling crow of pleasure, and by his little gasping cry of alarm when he is startled, or hurt. So with the baby sparrow. To me his every movement betrays the baby in him. We will make him move. Stamp gently. There! The whole five have flown further into the tree. Did you notice how uneven the flight was, and how the birds seemed to clutch at the bough with their feet as they alighted? Just so your baby clutches a chair with his hands to steady himself. Notice that one stretching himself. How far apart his feet are. If a baby stood with his feet close together like a soldier at attention he would lose his balance. So with the feeble young bird. The apparent size, too, is partly owing to the feathers being so much more fluffy than those of the fully grown bird. They do not lie closely folded, and therefore look less glossy than those of the parents. There is a hen-sparrow on that rail with something in her bill. I think she is the mother of our five. How uneasily she fidgets on that top bar. She does not trust us. Keep very still, then she will be reassured. Here she comes to feed that second baby

in the row of three. I suppose it is his turn. How excited he is. His wings quiver, how he tucks his head far back, and down into his neck, before he opens that wide yellow-edged bill. That bill alone is enough to tell us that he is a baby. Look out for the male parent. He will be very like the female, but his throat will be a rather dull black, while hers, as you see, is ash-brown.

I once saw a young sparrow sitting on a gate when a hen-sparrow alighted very near him with an insect in her bill. Her nest was close by, but she dared not go to it as a man stood just below the hedge where it was. The young bird sidled up to the hen, shook itself, put its head into its neck, just as these do, but being a much older baby it begged much more energetically for the tit-bit. It curtsied, and fluffed and made little entreating chirrups—behaved in fact like a painfully hungry birdie. The hen kicked it away with a side jerk of her wing, and made an angry noise. It was none of hers. It came back every time and went on imploring, till the man went away and the hen flew to her nest. Then it was come to see the little bird instantly straighten its plumage and sit up as gay and perky as possible. That starvation attitude was all put on at the sight of what to it must have been a tempting morsel.

Do you not hear a sharp hissing sort of chirp in this oak-tree? It is the alarm note of a blue tit, or tom tit. Look for a small bird with a short tail, a yellow breast, and a flattish blue head. A blue tit is continually on the move; so you must let your eye wander slowly over the boughs till you see a tiny bundle of blue and yellow feathers hanging, probably, from a twig by a pair of slender feet. It is catching green caterpillars for its babies.

Let us go into the open and look for a baby lapwing. No, not into the hilly field, with nothing but short grass on the ground. We will go further down where the river widens out among rushy flats. As the rushes give cover to the birds they will allow you to come a little nearer than they will in the pastures. Listen! They have seen us, and are screaming to each other as a warning, and perhaps to try to frighten us away. When we get through these bushes you will see them. They are bigger than a blackbird, and are black and white, with crested heads. We will walk among the tufts of rushes till we find a baby. I never have to look long at this time of year. Do you see a bird about the size of a three-days-old chicken poking among those reeds? That is a baby lapwing, or peewit, as it is often called. Creep nearer, when it runs go after it. It will soon stop and will stand perfectly motionless. Pick it up gently. You think it is ill. Well, it does look like it. It droops its head as if it were dying, and its eyes are closed. No, you have not hurt it. I would not have told you to pick it up if I had not known you would do it very gently. "Poor, poor little bird," do you say? Well, try laying it gently down. The little cheat! It was shamming! It is as frisky as can be as soon as it is free. That is the way with lapwings. They pretend to be ill or wounded. It is their way of protecting themselves.

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LONDON, JULY 18, 1908.

TEACH THE TEACHER.

THE Sunday-school may be taken too solemnly, but hardly too seriously. Its possibilities are critical. Either the young mind may be drawn into sweet and wholesome affections, or driven into rebellion. When the child has had four or five years of it, and the day approaches when the stir in the blood begins, we see the result, in the one way or the other. Usually, the figures tell us, there is no appetite for more, once the scholar gets into his teens. There must be a reason why.

Few or none of our readers will have any disposition to accept the theory that the rising generation, like the poor, is bad in the lump. We do not, indeed, ignore the difficulties of breaking in our rough young colts. Children are not born angels. EMERSON says the mother gets frightened when the youngster is too good. But, on the other hand, experience has long shown that average humanity is well worth cultivating, and the impulses which, left unregulated, give trouble, become under tuition most fruitful of good. Why is it, then, that at the very age when the fascinations of fresh knowledge and new activities are strongest, the boys and girls drop off in their attendance at the Sunday-school? Say they leave day-school at about the same time. The implied consequence is not so valid as it looks—unless the two kinds of instruction are alike in failing really to touch the imagination and quicken the whole mental life of the scholar.

Happily there are some ten thousand or so in our own Sunday-schools who show, by their continued attendance after the age of sixteen, that the loss of scholars at the time of leaving day-school is not inevitable. If it occurs it is a failure, not a law of nature. Clearly there are ways of meeting the needs of those whose life has entered upon the perilous yet wondrous second chapter. A severe critic might easily find fault with some of the methods adopted to retain the elder scholars. He might be justified, now and again, in lamenting the waste of opportunity, the triviality, not to say frivolity,

of much that is provided as an "attraction." There is much sack and but little bread sometimes. But let us be patient, if we are only trying. After all, the Sunday-school is a young institution in the history of religion. It has been hindered by mistaken theology; it has been starved by selfish indifference. Its day is only beginning.

We are warned that the trend of politics is towards a secular system in the day-schools, and on that ground, if on that alone, an appeal is made for more earnest attention to the Sunday-schools. The appeal is well timed. But in reality we shall see but a very little way into this matter if we think the religious teaching in the day-schools would be at all satisfactory were it to remain untouched in our public school system. It is not a mere question of the particular type of theology, or the "bad history and worse science" that is often given as "Bible teaching." A moment's reflection will show that with the best will in the world a teacher who has charge of fifty scholars or more in a Council school cannot possibly do much for their religious culture. Habits of obedience, truthfulness, diligence, and the like, all of profound importance, may be and are often effectively inculcated; and so far immense service is done to the children's life. But the closer insight into individual needs and struggles, the drawing forth of special aptitudes, in a word, the close personal sympathy of teacher and taught—all this is in the nature of the case almost impossible. The Sunday-school is as much needed for the fuller education of young people as the Church is needed for the stimulus and solace of their elders; and we shall fall culpably short of our duties so long as we allow the interests of congregations, the manning of pulpits, and the maintenance of worship, to throw into the shade the work of helping young life to grow intelligently vigorous and manfully devout.

Obviously the question at once faces us of the manning of the schools. Some day a practical philosopher will give a little time to teacher-study. The varieties, needs, and capacities of "the child" are being written about copiously, not without benefit. But when we know all we can about the material, we must ask, What about the tools? Our army of volunteer teachers, who in many cases are hard workers during the week, merits more than complimentary words. Some of them are very imperfectly educated themselves, and others may provoke a smile by their airs. But their defects cannot wholly destroy the beauty of the self-sacrifice and kindly service they offer. Their critics may ask themselves whether the one talent used faithfully is not more honourable than the five, possibly, which are wrapped and stowed away in critical

indolence. More profitable than fault-finding would be fault-mending. Can we do anything to improve the teaching staff? Is there no Mr. HALDANE in our midst who will set on foot a new model army of teachers recruited more than hitherto from the ranks of the well-to-do and cultured? Will not our rising generation of ministers, in many ways so gifted and in devotion so admirable, make it a strong point of their ministry to train the young teachers, to open the stores of knowledge to them more fully, and to show them how to teach effectively? We are sometimes told, and many can sympathise with the remark, that not every preacher is a good Sunday-school teacher. We know that it is a perilous thing to burden the minister with the care of the schools in addition to the duties of the services. Perhaps, also, there are exceptional cases where the preacher who can do nothing else, does really preach well. Allowing for all these things, surely the first thing for the average sensible minister, after he has attended to what he, and he alone, is responsible for, will be to help his staff of teachers, by classes, books, talks, and sympathetic interest and guidance in their work. If he can get them to an Oxford Summer Session once in a while, so much the better. Failing that, let him do a bit of university extension work for himself. If his congregation are not hopeless for this world and the next, they will not let him work alone.

SUMMER SESSION FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

THE sixth summer session, organised by the Sunday School Association at Manchester College, Oxford, has been held during the past week, beginning on Friday, July 10, and, like its predecessors, has been greatly enjoyed and fruitful of the happiest results. It was attended by about a hundred members from thirty-six schools and three unions, from various parts of the country, Scotland and Ireland also being represented. The programme followed the lines now well tested by repeated use, with one lecture more or less academic, and a second on a more practical subject each morning, after the opening service, and on several evenings meetings for conference, while the afternoons were free for the seeing of Oxford, or for excursions further afield.

The opening service on Friday morning, July 10, was conducted by Miss EDITH GITTINS, last year's President of the Sunday School Association. The service began with the collect, "Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings," and Christopher Wordsworth's hymn,

"O Lord of heaven and earth and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be."

The lessons were Psalm xix. and John xxi., and another hymn was Lynch's

"Dismiss me not thy service, Lord,
But train me for Thy will."

The address we are happy to be able to print here in full.

OPENING ADDRESS BY MISS EDITH GITTINS.

The story of Jesus that ends the Gospel of John is full of interest as showing the impression of his life-work made on the first generations of Christians. The risen Master appears to his friends and provides them with a sacramental meal. "So, when they had broken their fast, Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon, son of John, lovest thou me more than these? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee. Jesus saith unto him, *Feed my lambs.*" The story reflects the image of Jesus as it appeared to the early believers, before the terror and misery of his death upon the cross had blotted out so largely the remembrance of his life. Here we have life triumphant—death overpast and forgotten "as a dream when one awaketh." In the early morning light, as a new day breaks through the heavens above the mountain wall, pacing the green and flowery pastures beside the shining waters of Gennesaret, is the figure of the Good Shepherd, beautiful, gracious, full of a serene power and authority, mindful of his own, now and hereafter, asking for love, laying on love a loving charge.

It is the living voice of Jesus, pleading and commanding, that has brought us hither, dear friends, to-day. Clear and sweet it sounds above the centuries—"Feed my lambs." In unity of spirit, with one mind and purpose, we come to learn how we can better fulfil the Master's behest; with this voice in our hearts may we disperse, when our short session ends, with a sense of new blessing, consecration, and ability.

"Without a parable spake he not." Let us pass to its interpretation. As we interpret, we stumble continually on other parables, so closely intertwined are flesh and spirit, things terrestrial with things celestial. Life, growth, development, whether of flesh or spirit, are bound up with the thought of God. Wonderful are His works, and that my soul knoweth right well!—whether it is the growth of this mortal body, or the growth of the disposition to adore the Infinite Perfection, and to love the Heavenly I aw.

The good mother—the "maker"—the "loaf-bringer"—sets before her children the food she has prepared—wholesome, appetising, varied, nourishing. Our work as teachers is to help to supply food for the mind. The mother's work is arduous, constantly recurring, full of resource and contrivance. It is like the mercies of God, so unfailing that it is hardly recognised. Ours, too, must be a like labour of love. We meet our Sunday class. What have we for these young brothers and sisters? Our meeting is without sense or reason if we do not bring food convenient for them—*ideas*, wholesome, appetising, varied, life-giving. *Wholesome*—suited to their age, capacity, and experience; "milk for babes," different food for different stages. *Appetising*—there should be eagerness to receive, expectation well grounded, enjoyment, reason for thankfulness, a sense of gain. *Varied*—are not these young minds compacted of powers of thought, will, and emotion that all need stimulating, training, and exercise? It is here that Sunday School teachers have most lacked in perception of opportunity. They have

harped on one string. Some of us in Leicester, pitiful of the weary leisure of chronic invalids in the wards of the Union Infirmary, introduced a library—biographies, travels, novels—the books the world outside reads. There was strong opposition on the part of godly women who were visitors. They said *their* books would be neglected. But great was the gratitude of the poor people, who had been nauseated with Bible and tracts and nothing else. Apprentices in mediæval times were guarded by legal forms from being fed on salmon more than so many times a week, and the sigh "*toujours perdrix*" comes from across the Channel. The best of food can weary and fail of a welcome. So with mental aliment. It is criminal to make unpalatable that which should be nourishing and likeable. The insistence on Bible teaching and catechism in schools, so dull and formal, and without living interest and purpose, has done much to account for the lamentable and ignorant revolt against the Bible which is in so many quarters manifest. Those who have had the benefit of good instruction can find in the ancient books inexhaustible charm and interest, the more we learn the more there is to learn; but it becomes ever plainer that, except for a few self-luminous pages and passages, some light of scholarship is necessary for understanding them. It is our duty to be learners; our ministers are our natural teachers and willing to help us. Bible-classes are more than ever valuable and desirable; yet, however, well informed we may strive to become, Bible teaching alone is but innutritious diet. Perhaps you think that in our schools danger lies in the opposite direction—that of neglect of the Bible—and this danger is great; but there are schools where, in all the groups, the Bible, used as a class-book, is still the sole fare. Well-intentioned as are the teachers, patient and long-enduring as are the scholars, the atmosphere feels musty, in need of oxygen and a wind out of the sun-warmed world outside.

Let us not talk much of goodness in the abstract. Nitrogen, carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen are necessary for the body, but they reach it in the form of meat and meal and root and fruit; and lessons in goodness are best conveyed indirectly. We know the restlessness that is immediately visible when, at the end of the story the "moral" comes. This is not perversity on the part of the small hearers, it is merely the revolt of Nature. There is for it neither appetite nor digestion.

We have to increase the tiny store garnered in the elementary school, to show what harvests await the reaping—how narrow and dutiful lives can yet have wide horizons and noble contentment. Relate the Bible literature to other ancient literatures; show that God has never left Himself without witnesses—forthtellers—prophets; and how in every nation there have been those who feared Him and worked righteousness. Tell the old stories that have fed the generations—of Ulysses and Columbus, of Hercules and Perseus and St. Christopher, of Antigone and Eponina, Huss and Luther; the struggles of men and peoples for freedom; the fairy-tales of science; the precious words of poets. Translate the old ideals into

modern terms. Try to inspire the children with the conception of life as splendid and romantic, full of surprises and adventures that call for courage, resource, and watchfulness. Show how, still, strength receives best consecration by conversion into service; how love daily and hourly makes glad sacrifice; how truth and freedom still make their demands on true hearts.

The sacred aim and purpose to which we teachers must apply ourselves with all the energy and ingenuity of love is to help to more abundant life. The present-day world is our life-setting; its duties, claims, and interests are the stuff out of which we weave the pattern of our years. To think rightly, to feel rightly, to act rightly day by day, is the one need. These children, in a few more years, will be in the thick of the fight. Already, poor little lads and lassies—poor little soldiers!—they know the misery of defeat as well as the elation of victory. These young men and women are perhaps even now facing Apollyon, or are nearing the gloomy valley wherein he lurks to attempt the destruction of travellers as, one by one, they would pass by. Apollyon, in most of his terrible forms, and notably in those two in which he slays his ten thousands of victims—drink and gambling—is, I believe, most surely overcome by the means pointed out long ago by wise John Bunyan. The House Beautiful, he said, "was built by the Lord of the Hill for the relief and security of pilgrims." It still stands, more beautiful than ever, more than ever a treasure-house. Still is it inhabited by angels and ministers of grace, and their revealings and warnings and exhortations and instructions are defence against the power of evil. Humbly and gladly let us take our permitted place beside them, as "purveyors of joy," as providers of strength for the onward way. In a glass filled to the brim with pure water there is no room for the unclean; in the garden full of flowers weeds have little chance. If "the chambers of imagery" are filled with lovely and uplifting thoughts, the base cannot enter.

In all our chambers of imagery—of teachers and learners alike—and are we not all learners?—amid the crowding interests and the competing claims, let us keep the place of honour for the thought of him who gave us this wide conception of the sphere of religion—who, as best Son, best "showed us the Father," who spake as never man spake, whose words are spirit and life. The theatrical light, the theatrical setting in which men have placed him, thinking to do him honour, have for us entirely faded and vanished, and in the lovely, broadening light of a new day we see him, more appealing, more helpful and dear than ever before—our Master, our Saviour from evil, our Brother, and our Friend.

LECTURE ON GALILEO.

The opening service was followed half an hour later by a lecture on Galileo, by Mr. ARTHUR BERRY, M.A., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. Dr. Carpenter presided, and in introducing Mr. Berry referred to the fact that his grandfather, the Rev. Charles Berry, was for fifty-six

years minister of the Great Meeting, Leicester.

Galileo, the lecturer said, though chiefly known as an astronomer, was also a great teacher and an innovator in scientific method. Born at Pisa in 1564, in the same year as Shakespeare (the year of the death of Calvin and Michael Angelo), he died in 1642, the year before Isaac Newton was born. Just as the work of the geologists in the earlier half of the nineteenth century and the work of Darwin and Wallace a little later marked an epoch both in science and the religious thought of the time, so the work of Galileo in astronomy in his day. Mr. Berry then told the story of Galileo's life, his early fame as a teacher and an eager disputant, with great independence of thought, protesting against the dogmatic teaching of science, which rested on the authority of books rather than observation of nature. While he was still a student at Pisa University he made his first discovery of the principle of the pendulum, by watching the swinging of a lamp suspended from the cathedral roof, and when at twenty-five he became a lecturer in mathematics in the university, he introduced into his teaching experiments in allied sciences, and if anyone told him of anything stated in a book he would ask, "Have you tried it yourself?" From 1592 he was at Padua for eighteen years, and became very famous as a lecturer. He was a great man of science, and, like Huxley, also a great populariser of science, noted for lucidity and a slightly acid wit. He lectured and wrote for the most part not in Latin, but in his native Italian. Having heard of the invention of a telescope in Holland, in 1609 he made one for himself, and was the first to turn it upon the heavenly bodies. His discovery of the mountains in the moon produced a storm of opposition because the prevalent dogma of the perfection of the heavens demanded that the moon and the other heavenly bodies should be smooth. He also discovered the four satellites of Jupiter, which furnished strong confirmation of the Copernican doctrine, which he had adopted some years before. His career as a teacher ended when, in 1610, he received a court appointment as astronomer at Florence. Six years later the works of Copernicus were placed in the index, and Galileo was forbidden to teach the doctrines. The book in which he expounded them in dialogue form was published in 1632, when he was already an old man in feeble health. Summoned before the Inquisition at Rome, he was completely cowed and made a recantation. (His muttered denial of the recantation, said the lecturer, was pure fiction.) Galileo was a devout Catholic, and was genuinely distressed that the authorities thought his discoveries contrary to scripture. In his own mind there seemed to be water-tight compartments, which kept his scientific knowledge separate from his religious faith. He was leniently dealt with, and, after his condemnation in 1633, was confined to his villa at Florence, where he died in 1642. As Galileo's chief characteristic, the lecturer noted his intellectual honesty. To every theory he applied the test, "Is it in accordance with actual fact?" There was nothing more valuable for a teacher.

EVENING GATHERINGS.

The first day of the session closed with a very pleasant reception in the library by Dr. Carpenter, at the close of which Mr. Yoshimoto, who is at present in this country, and was formerly the Japanese student in Manchester College, showed some lantern slides in the lecture-room, illustrative of Japanese scenery and of the life of Ninomiya (1787-1858), of whom he gave a very interesting account. It was the life of a man of quite humble origin, and of very beautiful spirit, of which he told, exemplifying the power of perfectly unselfish love. The influence of Ninomiya appears to have been very remarkable during his lifetime, and it is still growing among his people.

The Saturday evening meeting was of "Teachers in Council" on social service. The Rev. P. H. Wicksteed, President of the National Conference Union for Social Service, was in the chair, and Miss Catherine Gittins gave the principal address, followed by discussion, or rather the recounting of various experiences by other members.

SUNDAY.

DR. CARPENTER'S SERMON AND LECTURE.

The Sunday morning service in the College chapel was conducted by Dr. CARPENTER. The chapel was completely filled by a large congregation. The sermon, which was specially addressed to the teachers present, was from the text 1 Cor. iii. 9: "We are God's fellow-workers. Ye are God's husbandry, God's building." That, Dr. Carpenter said, was one of the great sayings which St. Paul, in his letters, dropped by the way, testifying to a mind habitually occupied with great ideals. It was a daring claim to make, to be fellow-workers with God, yet they might humbly claim that joy in the work they had undertaken for the training of the children of God. They were part of a mighty army. More than seven millions of scholars were that day gathered into the various schools of the land, and more than half-a-million teachers. That represented an enormous reserve force of self-devotion. Such work could only be undertaken in the spirit of service. It was their contribution to the spiritual shaping of the world. They must not take a low view of their calling, but embrace it as a true ministry in the warfare with ignorance and sin. It was a service not to be lightly assumed nor lightly laid aside. They were approaching a critical period in the history of Sunday schools. It seemed likely, as he feared, that a solution of their difficulties would be found by banishing the teaching of religion from the day schools, and thus more and more responsibility would be thrown on the Sunday schools. In that case, would they be equal to the task? Moral and religious education was far more difficult than the imparting of secular knowledge. They had to train the conscience to clear judgment, to waken the passion of righteousness, and train the will to prompt decisions in the forming of good habit. For this the first essential was sympathy. Development of character was the fundamental aim in all education. They must understand their scholars, know their homes, their daily work, their pleasures, interests, and temptations. That was the way with

Jesus, who, when he entered on his work, was with his people in all the relations of their daily life. Every teacher should take as his ideal the thought expressed in the words of Jesus: "I am come that they may have life, and may have it abundantly." The friendship between teacher and scholar was the most potent thing; their unconscious influence was the most effective of all.

On Sunday afternoon, as in former years, a special session of the Charles-street Sunday School was held at College. The school assembled in the chapel, where, at the opening service, an address, from the words, "She did what she could," was given by Mr. JESSEL, who superintended. Five classes were then taken by selected teachers in various rooms, other teachers being invited to be present, and afterwards the children had refreshments in the garden of the residence before going home.

In the evening Dr. CARPENTER gave a lecture of fascinating interest on "An Indian University of the Seventh Century." There was again a large attendance, the lecture-room being well filled. The lecture told of Yuan Chwang, a young Chinese Buddhist, who became known as a great scholar, and made a wonderful journey early in the seventh century to India, to the University of Nalanda, which had already been famous for centuries as the seat of Buddhist learning. His adventures and sufferings by the way, and especially in crossing the great snow mountains, were recounted, and how "the Master of the Law," as he was called, preserved a cheerful countenance through it all. After three years of peril and travel he reached Nalanda, which was partly monastery, partly university, with eight huge quadrangles and great blocks of residences for the ten thousand students. There Yuan Chwang resided for five years, studying the Buddhist Scriptures and the books of the Brahmins. It was already the twelfth century of Buddhism, and there were many different sects. There had been as many as eighteen under the Emperor Asoka in the middle of the third century B.C., ranging from the primitive Buddhism, which was a system of ethical culture, to elaborate forms of theistic belief; but the Buddha's principles rendered the setting up of an orthodoxy impossible, and in his Order there was a genuine spirit of toleration. The edicts of Asoka, carved upon rock, embodied those principles, declaring that he did reverence to men of all sects, and cared most for the growth of the essence of the matter in all sects. There must be restraint of speech, no man's sect must be exalted by the disparagement of others. At Nalanda the opposite schools were equally represented. No creed or subscription was enforced. It was an open school of teaching, the bond of union being in the common life, the ethical ideal of the service of man as realised in the person of the founder. Buddhism, Dr. Carpenter said, had always been faithful to that principle, free from theological tests. What it asked was, "Have you the right disposition?" rather than right beliefs. It never kindled the fires of persecution.

On Monday evening the second "Teachers in Council" meeting was held, when the Archibald Method for the Junior Department in Sunday Schools was

discussed. The Rev. W. COPELAND BOWIE presided, and Miss GARDNER gave the first address, describing the work of a school in Clerkenwell of which she is superintendent, and in which beautiful order has been evolved out of chaos. The preparation class for the young teachers is held every Tuesday evening, and if they are not present they may not teach on Sunday; then, in school, each teacher of fourteen or fifteen has charge of four of the little children. No child under four is admitted, and those of four or five are separately treated. The special teaching of the classes only lasts for about twenty minutes, marching, singing, collection, and other common occupations taking the rest of the time. (The method is described in a little book, "The Junior Department," by G. H. Archibald, Sunday School Union, Ludgate-hill, E.C. 1s. 6d. net.) Miss HALL told of her partial introduction of the system into the Infant Department at Unity Church, Islington, and Mr. ABBOTT described what had been done in the Bridport school, both for the infants and the middle school, on the same lines, with most encouraging results. A very interesting discussion followed, the chief doubt expressed being whether it was wise to re-introduce a method of setting elder children to teach the little ones. Miss GARDNER, in her reply, bore witness to the value of the influence gained by the superintendent, especially through the preparation class, over the young teachers, and the great good they gained from taking a share in the helpful work of the school.

The third "Teachers in Council" meeting was on Wednesday evening, and was occupied with "ten-minute lessons" and "five-minute addresses."

The other evenings, except Sunday, were given up to social gatherings, ending with a brief closing service on Friday evening.

THE LECTURES.

Of some of the lectures we hope to furnish notes or publish some passages in future issues, and simply record the subjects here. In the first hour, on Saturday, Mr. Ion Pritchard gave an account of Giran's "Jesus of Nazareth" (published by the Sunday School Association in an English translation by E. L. H. Thomas); on Monday Dr. Drummond was to have lectured on "Paul and the Jewish Religion," but he had been suddenly called away by a family bereavement, and at very short notice the Rev. W. Addis kindly gave a lecture on "The Psalms." On Tuesday and Wednesday the Rev. A. H. Thomas lectured on "The Early Church." Thursday's lecture was "Theology and the Child," by the Rev. J. W. Austin, and Friday's "The Open Bible," by the Rev. C. J. Street. The second lectures, from Saturday, July 11, to Friday, July 17, were as follows:—"Outside Activities: Their Use and Abuse," Rev. J. L. Haigh; "Child Study," Miss Marian Pritchard; "Literature: Its Use in Sunday-school Lessons," Rev. J. J. Wright; "The Art of Questioning and Illustration," Rev. A. W. Fox; "Practical Hints on Sunday-school Teaching," Rev. H. Rawlings; "Nature Lessons—The Bee," Rev. Thomas Robinson.

THE ALLEGED CRUELTY OF NATURE.*

II.

BY THE REV. EDGAR I. FRIPP, B.A.

WE, no doubt, should find a life of danger and precariousness intolerable. We are self-conscious beings, can reflect on what we feel, can look before and after, are moved by anticipation and remembrance, know care, suspense, regret, and pity. A state of continual apprehensiveness or of menace and intimidation to others, as in our case it would be, would soon reduce us to a level far below the savage, or more probably make us an extinct species. As Huxley recognised at last, the "gladiatorial theory" would swiftly ruin civilisation and destroy man. But the animals, whose consciousness is little more than a succession of passing sensations, scarcely know fear. They live for the moment, and their lives are glad. "The more I watch them," says Mr. Long, "the more I long for some measure of their freedom, their strength of play, their joyfulness. There is a meadow lark out yonder lying flat in the brown grass, his colour hiding him from the great hawk that circles and circles overhead. Long ago that lark's mother taught him the wisdom of lying still. Now his one thought, so far as I can judge it, is how perfectly colour and quietness hide him from those keen eyes that he has escaped so often. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred they do hide him perfectly, and he goes his way rejoicing. There can be no greater mistake than to imagine an animal's life to be full of frightful alarms and haunting terrors. There is no terror in extreme watchfulness. The eagle watching for prey far above his high mountain-top has no more, but rather less, joy in his vision than the doe has in hers who sees his sudden slanting flight, and, knowing its meaning, hides her fawns and bids them lie still, while she runs away in plain sight to take the robber's attention away from her little ones, and jumps for thick cover at last where the eagle's broad wings cannot follow. And she is not terrified, but glad as a linnet, and exultant as a king bird, when she comes cantering back again after the danger is over. Neither is there any terror, usually, but rather an exultant sense of power and victory in running away. Watch the deer in his magnificent rush, light and swift as a hawk, over ground where other feet than his must halt and creep; watch the partridge in that clean, sure, curving plunge into the safety and shelter of the evergreen swamp. Hoof and wing alike seem to laugh at the danger behind, and to rejoice in their splendid power and training. The simple fact is that whoever keeps his eyes open in Nature's world will see little of that which makes his heart ache in his own sad world, no tragedies or footlight effects of woes and struggles, but rather a wholesome, cheerful life to make him glad and send him back to his own school with deeper wisdom and renewed courage."

And what of the killing and dying? We instinctively rebel against the perishing of the weak. We want to save the butterfly from the bird, the worm from the starling, the young rabbit from the stoat,

the sparrow from the hawk, the fly from the spider—for the simple reason that it would be cowardly for us to take these little lives. But what is cowardly and cruel for us to do, who have such higher functions, is not so for creatures whose work it is to do it and who do it with perfect innocence and almost entire painlessness to their victim. The killing is nearly always by surprise, and as a rule swift. The weapon is sharper and more deadly than any that man can devise, and the aim is unerring. There is scarcely ever in Nature the cruel bungling and torture which are too common in our shooting of game and slaughter of cattle. The lion's paw, the shark's tooth, the serpent's fang are merciful in their deadliness. And there appear, moreover, to be various anæsthetic influences exerted—paralysing shock, mesmeric fascination, opiate poisoning. Livingstone speaks of a black ant which makes war on another kind of ant, seizing it and rendering it helpless with its sting without killing it. When it wants food it eats it, having thus fresh meat instead of carrion. The sting, however, does more than render helpless. It stupifies and paralyses. In the same way an insect, which he calls "the plasterer," when laying its eggs in the bodies of spiders and caterpillars, injects also a fluid which deprives them of feeling. Livingstone's experience with the lion is well-known. The shock produced a stupor, he says, a sort of dreaminess in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though he was quite conscious of all that was passing. It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe who see all the operation but feel not the knife. He adds, "This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora; and if so, is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death."

A greater difficulty is perhaps afforded by the conflict of animals when the combatants are more evenly matched and the struggle is longer and fiercer and often undecided. A battle between tigers or whales is said to be terrific, and a dog fight, as we all know, may be an ugly business. Yet in such instances there is an element of fierce enjoyment, and in the rage for mastery wounds, however painful afterwards, are scarcely felt. While men have spiritual resources to assuage their sufferings, animals are carried away by a wild passion which blinds them for the time to hurt and injury; and the evil in their case is when the blow does not kill.

But even then the pain is not great. "I have sometimes found animals," says Mr. Long, "bruised, wounded, bleeding from some of the savage battles that they wage among themselves in the mating season. The first thought, naturally, is how keenly they must suffer as the ugly wounds grow cold. Now comes Nature, the wise physician. In ten minutes she has them well in hand. They sink into a dozy dreamy slumber as free from pain or care as an opium-smoker. And there they stay, for hours or days under the soft anæsthetic until ready to range the woods for food again, or till death comes gently and puts them to sleep. I have watched animals stricken sore by a bullet feeding or resting quietly; have noted

* A Paper read at the Ministers' Institute, Manchester College, Oxford.

trout with half their jaws torn away rising freely to the same fly that injured them, have watched a musk-rat cutting his own leg off with his teeth to free himself from the trap; but I have never yet seen an animal that seemed to suffer a hundredth part of the pain that an ordinary man would suffer under the same circumstances."

Nor is killing by any means so general as some suppose. Only a very small minority of animals, Mr. Long tells us, fall a victim to their enemy. Nine-tenths of them die a natural death quietly and peacefully. They steal away into the solitudes they love and lay them down unseen, where the leaves shall presently cover them. If cold or hunger overtakes them, before pain comes a dozy lassitude blunts the edge of feeling. And if the cause, as it usually is, is old age, conscious of something queer or irregular in their condition, they slip out of sight in obedience to a law of protection that they have followed all their life, and think they will rest and recover as at other times.

Nevertheless, when all is said, sufficient pain exists in the animal kingdom to demand an atoning purpose.

Natural selection, as the term itself indicates, is not purposeless. If Nature selects she is not indifferent nor unseeing. She works from simple beginnings to elaborate and beautiful organisms, from the invertebrate to the vertebrate and from the ape to man. At first she is intent on the type rather than the individual, but at each stage the individual comes in for a larger share of her care. And when she has produced man she has concluded her type-building and gives her attention almost wholly to the development of the individual. No higher type than man seems possible on the earth. Through the law of prey, working for countless generations, the physical man at length stepped forth on the scene of things, and having conquered the brute-world, found himself without a rival species. Look at him for a moment in this condition, as victor in the struggle for supremacy, the fittest to survive of all terrestrial races. He is a man of war, a noble, healthy, happy savage, an athlete every inch of him, inured to danger and hardship, strong and fleet of foot, keen-sighted and keen-scented, keen of hearing, the king of animals. An imperfect civilisation has not enfeebled him. He knows no poverty (save occasionally and locally), and no servitude.* His limbs are not weakened by sedentary habits and riding in tramcars, his hair is not worn off by wearing a hat; he is not dependent on spectacles; his feet are not misshapen by the wearing of shoes; the eating of soft foods has not injured his teeth; living almost entirely in the open air and unpoisoned by the fumes of coal gas and sewerage he is not exposed to consumption or cancer.† He has not discovered a liability to appendicitis. In mind and morals he is a child, easy to be taught good or evil; but physically he is a perfect

* Among the tribes of Central Africa, which had never seen or heard of a white man, Livingstone was impressed with the profusion of Nature and the scarcity of people to enjoy it, with the love almost universally shown to children, and the absence of anything like slavery.

† "There is no consumption nor scrofula. Cancer and cholera are unknown."—Livingstone.

animal. And for this he is indebted to Natural Selection, to the school of the woods, to the training and the suffering of the animal kingdom. His fine physique is the result of the stern education that has gone on since the beginning, the conflict of organism with organism, the weeding out of the weak and the preservation of the strong; a kind of chastisement, as it were, of the animal framework, whose object was the discovery and elimination of the weak places of defence. The hammering and battering, which go to the making of a suit of armour are a symbol of the long discipline that has moulded the human body to "shape and use."

The uses of that body is not my subject this morning. I only ask you to consider our indebtedness to the wonderful and beautiful animal-world from which we are sprung. Dumb creatures and their strange mysterious life ought to have an attraction for all thoughtful men, and we ought to love and preserve to some extent the wild untamed regions of the brute creation. We are thrown for our good upon a rugged earth, and among its stern but entrancing aspects are the primeval places where the animal still reigns. Would you care for a world all mapped-out and colonised, pathed and paved, and divested of all wild-life but what may be preserved in a menagerie or a museum? Or do you think with joy that there are yet the backwood, the jungle, and the prairie, the untraversed desert, the inaccessible coast and cliff, the unexplored lake and river, where with sympathetic and trained eyes you may follow the trail of the deer and the wolf, trace the bear and the lion to their den, hear the sea-birds scream and watch the high soaring of the eagle? Are we so in love with our cockney-life—with gas-light and shops and pavement, iron girders, and butcher's meat, that we would not gladly escape for a season to the strong, fierce, unpolluted life of this animal world? The old Adam is in us still, in a noble sense. We have moods in which we loathe the unwholesome, effeminate, vicious, nervous atmosphere with which men have surrounded their cities, and would get away to Nature and mingle with the pure, wild health and happiness of her children.

SPECIAL SERVICES AND LECTURES.

SIR,—The Committee of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, at their meeting on July 8, had before them a very large number of applications for grants towards the expenses of special services and lectures during October or November.

The committee are not in a position to expend more than £200 (two hundred pounds) on these special services this year, and it was decided to refer all the applications to a sub-committee for consideration, with instructions to make a selection from among those congregations or societies which had submitted some plan or scheme of work.

Will you allow me to say that the sub-committee will meet next Wednesday, and the secretary of any congregation or society having further particulars to submit is requested to communicate with me at Essex Hall not later than Tuesday morning next, July 21.

W. COPELAND BOWIE.

BURY ST. EDMUND'S CHAPEL.

SIR,—May I draw the attention of your readers to the notice in your advertising columns regarding the re-opening of Church gate-street Chapel, after alterations, on Thursday next, July 23, and give them a hearty invitation to be with us on the occasion? The chapel itself is a fine example of Queen Anne architecture, and with the improvements that have just been made in it, is worth coming far to see; whilst readers of Carlyle's *Past and Present* do not need to be told that Bury St. Edmund's is one of the most historic towns in England, and they would be interested to make or renew acquaintance with what remains of Abbot Samson's monastery. I feel sure they would have a very delightful holiday, and their presence would be greatly appreciated by the members of the Eastern Union, which holds its annual meeting here on that day, as well as by the little congregation at this outpost of faith.

J. M. CONNELL.

DR. PRIESTLEY.

DEAR SIR,—At the instance of our good Unitarian brother (shall I say of England or America?), Mr. John Fretwell, I beg to bring to your notice, and that of your readers, a proposal to institute in this town, where he spent his last days, and where his ashes now rest, a memorial to the founder of Unitarianism in Pennsylvania, the late Dr. Joseph Priestley.

Here, near the banks of the Susquehanna, still stands the mansion he built, with its little laboratory adjoining, where he continued his scientific work, and here also is the little church which, though not erected till some years after his death, was the home of the little flock he had gathered and ministered to in school-houses or from house to house.

Having been myself the pastor of this church from 1873 to 1877, and my beloved wife being the great-great-granddaughter of the Church's founder, I may be pardoned for feeling a natural interest in the proposed memorial movement—an interest which I have no doubt you and your readers will share.

At the recent May Meetings of the American Unitarian Association in Boston it was proposed that a committee be appointed to inquire and report about such a memorial in Northumberland. I was made one of that committee, and, while no definite action has yet been taken, it looks now as if the present legal holders of the property would be quite willing to make it over to the A.U.A. to be constituted in perpetuity a memorial of the founder. This statement, it should be said, however, refers only to the church, the mansion having passed out of the hands of the family when Dr. Priestley's son and family returned to England after his father's death. But it could perhaps be purchased of the present owners if desired.

Just what form the memorial should take would be a question to be determined. To make of the church a "Priestley Public Library" has been suggested by some of the townspeople here, though some of us could wish it might still be devoted, however difficult the conditions, to its original purpose—the preaching of the

divine principles, truth and holiness, freedom and love.

Should any of your readers be so minded, an opportunity will no doubt be later opened to share in raising the probably very modest sum necessary to provide for the institution, care, and maintenance of the memorial.

With all good wishes, I remain,

Your brother in the larger faith,

HASKET DERBY CATLIN.

Northumberland,

Pennsylvania, U.S.A.

June 30, 1908.

THE UNITARIAN VAN MISSION.

THE WELSH POLICE CASE.

THE incident in Wales has terminated as satisfactorily as could perhaps be expected. Ammanford, the place where the trouble occurred, had been visited in the course of his journey of survey, by the Rev. Simon Jones, of Swansea, who is acting as local secretary for Wales, and who has been practically responsible for the choice of the whole route. In the centre of the little town there is a large open space at the junction of four main roads, known as the Cross. Here are held nearly all the open air meetings. Here stand the cheap Jacks with their displays of crockery and general wares. The market overflows into the narrower road, and must cause some interference with the traffic. The western road is fifteen paces wide as it leaves the square, and on one side is the long wall of a closed public-house, with a thatched roof. The next shop belongs to a grocer, and adjoining his premises is another building with a thatched roof, with a passage running alongside to the grocer's yard. At this point the width of the road has narrowed to eight paces from curb to curb. The second thatched roof cannot be seen from the Cross, and the site would be entirely unsuitable for van meetings. The dispute arose, however, out of an alleged misunderstanding as to which of these cottages was meant. When Mr. Jones went to look round he learned that meetings would be possible, and arranged that the vanner, when he came along, should go to the police for precise information as to where his van should stand. This Mr. Barnes did when he arrived on the scene, and setting back three yards from the gable of the building he made his "wagon" snug. Some hours later the police arrived and stated that objection had been raised to the presence of the van, and that it would have to be moved. The missionaries pointed out that their handbills had been printed and distributed for a meeting at this spot, and urged that at least the one meeting should be allowed, and that next day some fresh arrangement might be possible. The police then left, and the meeting was in due course started. During the address the police again put in an appearance, and at once broke up the meeting, despite Mr. Jenkins' assurance that he would bring the proceedings to a close as quickly as possible. The crowd supported him in this plea, but no grace was allowed, and Mr. Jenkins pronounced the benediction while the police were moving the audience. On Friday night the missionaries left the van

on the spot and held a meeting further down the road, the audience reaching nearly to the opposite footpath. They sought permission also from the grocer to put the van on his land as instructed by the police, but were refused. Even had it been granted the place was entirely unsuitable, and as was pointed out to the police, a real obstruction would have been created. It was then understood that the police saw the reasonableness of the missionaries' plea, and the meeting on Saturday night was again held from the van, between four and five hundred people being present. On Sunday afternoon Mr. Barnes was served with a summons for his meeting on Thursday. Sunday evening's meeting was attended by nearly a thousand people, but no action was taken. On Wednesday, however, Mr. Barnes received a second summons for his meeting on Saturday night.

The Mission having acted in good faith, and being anxious to avoid any conflict with the police, sought to close the incident amicably. The local inspector then represented that all along he had meant that the van should stand beside the *second* thatched cottage, and admitted that there might have been some misunderstanding, but could not withdraw the summonses. The cases accordingly stood over until the assembling of the court on Saturday morning, when counsel for the Mission arranged with the superintendent for a withdrawal of the charge on condition that the Mission should pay the costs, and that, on the other hand, counsel should make a statement on behalf of the Mission. It is hoped that the outcome of this arrangement may be to prevent further vexatious action. The Mission from the outset, has looked to the police for so much assistance, and usually found it so readily available that it would be a misfortune if these good relations should be disturbed. It stands also on a very different footing from some political societies which are fighting for the right of public meeting. The Mission assumes, in its own case, that this battle has been fought for the Unitarian long since, that our right with that of others is recognised, and that there shall only be interference in the unlikely event of a breach of the peace being created. It is far more important to get on with the work than to fritter away time and money in disputes which assert no new principle, and interfere with the definite work for which the Mission was founded. The defence was in the hands of Mr. Ilenfer Thomas, of Swansea (who rendered great service in the preparation of the Nonconformist evidence for the Welsh Church Commission), instructed by Mr. J. Moi Evans, of Swansea, who is a member of Rev. Simon Jones' church.

The features of the week have been an unexpected recovery at Kingston, and good meetings at Hounslow, giving the London van its best average for the season. A splendid series of meetings at Falkirk, three fine gatherings at Market Drayton, and great meetings at Llanely. In the latter place there has been no public meeting of Unitarians for about forty years, and it is said that on that last occasion the lecturer, who is still among us, the Rev. John Davies, of Allt-y-placa, had to flee for his life. Last week when the van came to

Llanely the crowd listened with manifest interest, and stood in groups eagerly discussing the address long after the missionaries had withdrawn; and discussing it, as could be heard within the van, most vigorously in our behalf.

LONDON DISTRICT (Lay Missioner, Mr. H. K. BROADHEAD).—The meetings at Kingston improved night after night, despite the counter attractions of this pleasure resort, and on the last night, when a new pitch had been secured, there was an attendance of upwards of 400. Rev. H. Rawlings sent in a good account, and it is gratifying to find that his great efforts were rewarded. At Hounslow also, where Rev. R. P. Farley has been missioner, the success has been so great that the stay was prolonged into this week; and Isleworth, which did not seem to offer a good site, has been left out. The van is due at Acton on the 23rd.

MIDLAND DISTRICT (Lay Missioner, Mr. B. TALBOT).—Revs. G. Pegler and D. J. Evans continued their meetings at Market Drayton with great success, the solo singing of Mr. Evans being a very agreeable feature of the gatherings. The next calling place was Newport, of which good hopes had been entertained. The town, however, has made but a poor response, and Rev. C. Harvey Cook, the missioner, attending the parish church on Sunday, had to listen to a sermon on "My Lord and my God," with pronounced reference to the Mission. The Sunday evening meeting was held at the old Cross, without the van. Kidderminster will be reached on the 23rd, and the friends there are making preparations for what, it is hoped, will be a successful mission. The Birmingham Committee has also been meeting this week to discuss the arrangements for the campaign there, which will extend over some six or seven weeks.

SOUTH WALES DISTRICT (Lay Missioner, Mr. A. BARNES).—On the last evening at Pontardulais and the first evening at Llanely no meetings were possible on account of the heavy rains. Each district has suffered in the same way, five meetings having been lost entirely, and others having been seriously interfered with. Mr. Talbot's van is the only one which has been able to hold a meeting every night, and he, of course, has had rain like the rest during part of the proceedings. Rev. E. O. Jenkins was followed in Wales as missioner by Rev. D. G. Rees, and had an audience of 1,300 on the Fairground at Llanely on Sunday evening.

DETAILS OF THE MEETINGS.

LONDON DISTRICT.—Kingston, July 6 to 8, three meetings, attendance 850; Hounslow, July 9 to 12, three meetings, 1,500.

MIDLAND DISTRICT.—Market Drayton, July 6 to 8, three meetings, attendance 1,500; Newport, July 9 to 12, four meetings, 210.

SCOTLAND.—Falkirk, July 6 to 12, six meetings, attendance 3,450.

SOUTH WALES.—Pontardulais, July 6 to 8, two meetings, attendance 155; Llanely, July 9 to 12, three meetings, 2,800.

TOTALS.—July 6 to 12, twenty-three meetings, attendance 10,460, average 454.

THOS. P. SPEDDING, *Missionary Agent*.

SCOTTISH VAN.

July 13.

We came to Falkirk on Monday, July 6, and are here still. Unfortunately the rain has interfered with our meetings, and on Wednesday the downpour was so heavy and so constant I did not give a lecture. On Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday I had between seven and eight hundred people at each meeting. On Sunday night though it never ceased raining I had more than two hundred men listening to an address on "Brotherhood," which lasted for forty minutes.

Saturday evening and Sunday afternoon I should have been at Grangemouth but the rain was too heavy. On Sunday morning I preached in the Universalist Church at Stenhousemuir and had a congregation of between seventy and eighty. We move to Camelon on Thursday, July 16. I have been received here most kindly and am reluctant to leave. However, Camelon is less than two miles distant, and I am sure to have a few Falkirk friends visit me there.

E. T. RUSSELL.

NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be as brief as possible, and be sent in by Wednesday, or Thursday Morning at latest.]

Ditchling.—The anniversary services were held on Sunday last, the Rev. H. Gow being the preacher. The little cause here has suffered keenly from losses and removals, and it has needed no little fortitude on the part of the few—very few—who are left to keep the "flag flying." So Sunday was an uplifting day, with its gathering of friends from far and near, who came to cheer and inspire, and its revival of old and happy memories of bygone days. Many of our ministers have a tender spot in their hearts for Ditchling (Mr. Gow preached his first sermon there as a student). The day was beautifully fine, the services hearty and inspiring, and the collection a record one.

Forest Gate.—The service on Sunday evening, June 28, had a special interest for minister and congregation, as it marked the close of a ten years' pastorate. No public announcement had been made; and, although words of affectionate reminiscence and forecast were spoken, there was no formal farewell. Mr. Perris has promised to visit the congregation monthly to the end of the year, and arrangements have been made to carry on the services efficiently during the next few months. A friend says:—"The spirit of the committee and of the people generally is excellent; and though no words could express their sense of loss and difficulty in the new situation, they are facing the future courageously."

Halifax.—The Rev. W. L. Schroeder was welcomed on Saturday last by a large and cordial meeting of the congregation, supplemented by many friends, including a good muster from Sale, where he formerly ministered. Mr. J. Sagar presided, and said they had every confidence that Mr. Schroeder would prove a worthy

successor to the line of ministers who for over 200 years had rendered loyal service to the congregation. The Rev. F. E. Millson wrote from Ilkley to commend his successor to his old friends. Mr. R. E. Nicholson, secretary of the congregation; Rev. Charles Hargrove, on behalf of the Yorkshire ministers; Mr. A. Nixon (Sale), Revs. J. A. Pearson, W. Mellor, E. Ceredig Jones, E. Thackray, and other friends also gave addresses. In his reply, Mr. Schroeder frankly confessed his limitations, bespoke fair consideration, and expressed the hope that with the help of the congregation he might render useful service.

North Cheshire Unitarian Sunday-School Union.—The annual picnic of the Union was held at Gee Cross on Saturday last, over 200 sitting down to tea. After tea a short committee meeting was held when it was decided to join with the East Cheshire Christian Union in a stall for a bazaar for Ashton congregation. Mr. W. Woolley acted as leader in a ramble through Pole Bank Hall grounds, and over the end of Werneth Low. On the slope of the hill a halt was made, and several Whitsuntide hymns were sung, Mr. Woolley acting as conductor. A hearty vote of thanks to the Gee Cross friends for their arrangements was passed with acclamation, on the motion of Rev. E. G. Evans, B.A., seconded by Rev. J. A. Pearson (to whom a special compliment was paid for his interest in the Union during his residence at Oldham). Rev. H. E. Dowson fittingly responded, and the ramble was resumed and proved most enjoyable. The president, Miss Dornan, and the following ministers were present:—Revs. N. Green, W. Harrison, A. R. Andreae, M.A., H. Bodell Smith, W. G. Price, and J. Barron.

Sale.—The Rev. C. M. Wright, M.A., who for the last three years has been assistant to the Rev. Joseph Wood, at the Old Meeting Church, Birmingham, has received and accepted a unanimous invitation to the pulpit here. He commences his new duties on the first Sunday in October.

Selby.—On the occasion of the anniversary on July 5, Mrs. J. Dale delivered the sermon. After referring to the old name of the chapel, "St. Michael's," she pleaded for practical righteousness. They had been denied the name of Christian, but so long as they followed the great leader they had a right to it.

Synod of Munster.—The annual meeting of the Synod was held in the Prince's-street Presbyterian Church, Cork, on Wednesday, July 8, at 12 o'clock, the Moderator, Mr. A. H. Varian, in the chair. There were also present the Rev. G. H. Vance, B.D., clerk, and Mr. Falkiner from Dublin, the Rev. R. J. Orr, M.A., as delegate from Clonmel, the Rev. Geo. V. Crook, Mr. Percival, and Mr. Johnson representing Cork. Several other members of the Cork congregation were also present, being deeply interested in the resuscitation of the congregation. The Rev. Geo. V. Crook was welcomed by the Synod as the minister of the Cork congregation, this being the first meeting of the Synod since his appointment to that church. Reports from Dublin and Clonmel having been read, Mr. Percival gave a most encouraging report of the work in Cork, the congregation having trebled itself in a few months. The congregation are now anxious to renovate the venerable church which is sadly in need of repair. After considering the question at length the Synod warmly supported the congregation in their proposed scheme of necessary renovation, Mrs. Daly having promised £20 and Mr. Johnson £10 (two members of the Cork congregation), the Synod promised their help and encouragement, and were delighted to find that there was such a hopeful spirit of renewed life and enthusiasm in the congregation. The congregation afterwards entertained the members of the Synod to lunch.

Taunton.—A presentation, consisting of a silver kettle, silver rose bowl, lamp and stand, and an illuminated address, was made to Miss A. S. Philpott on Sunday week on the occasion of her marriage to Mr. W. Alexander, which took place on the following Tuesday. Miss Philpott has done invaluable service for the congregation Sunday-school, her duties as teacher having begun in 1878, while for many years she has ably assisted musically. The presentation was given by the Rev. John Birks, the recently appointed minister, who was assisted at the wedding by the Rev. Jeffrey Worthington, minister from 1883 to 1900.

Warwick.—The Sunday scholars, together with the Rev. and Mrs. A. M. Haldon, the teachers, and members of the choir, were entertained with splendid hospitality by Mr and Mrs. Lakin at their residence on Friday, July 10. At parting Mrs. Lakin presented each child with a generous gift as a souvenir of the day.

Whitby.—At Flowergate Old Chapel on Sunday last the Rev. F. Haydn Williams spoke of the efforts now being made by himself and Mrs. Tattersfield to press forward the claims to balances of funds subscribed by the public in 1861 and 1877, to provide for the orphans and widows of 15 men drowned in lifeboat disasters.

OUR CALENDAR.

It is requested that notice of any alteration in the Calendar be sent to the Publisher not later than Thursday Afternoon.

SUNDAY, July 19.

LONDON.

Acton, Creffield-road, 11.15, Rev. ARTHUR HURN; 7, Rev. W. C. WILLIAMS, B.A.
Bermondsey, Fort-road, 7, Mr. A. E. CARLIER.
Blackfriars Mission and Stamford-street Chapel, 11 and 7, Rev. J. C. BALLANTYNE.
Brixton, Unitarian Christian Church, Effra-road, 11 and 7, Rev. G. C. CRESSEY, D.D.
Child's Hill, All Souls', Weech-road, Finchley-road, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. EDGAR DAPLYN.
Croydon, Free Christian Church, Wellesley-road, 11 and 7, Rev. W. J. JUPP.
Deptford, Church-street, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. A. J. MARCHANT.
Essex Church, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate, 11 and 6.30, Rev. FRANK K. FREESTON.
Forest Gate, corner of Dunbar-road, Upton-lane, 6.30.
Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham-place, 11.15 and 7, Rev. HENRY RAWLINGS.
Hampstead, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. HENRY GOW, B.A.
Highgate Hill, Unitarian Christian Church, 11 and 7, Rev. A. A. CHARLESWORTH.
Ilford, Assembly Rooms, Broadway, 7, Mr. E. WILKES SMITH.
Islington, Unity Church, Upper-street, 11 and 7, Mr. WALTER RUSSELL.
Kentish Town, Clarence-road, N.W., 11.15, Rev. R. P. FARLEY; 7, Rev. F. HANKINSON.
Kilburn, Quex-road, 11 and 7, Rev. CHARLES ROPER, B.A.
Lewisham, Unitarian Christian Church, High-street, 11 and 7, Rev. W. W. C. POPE.
Little Portland-street Chapel, 11.15 and 7, Rev. J. PAGE HOPPS.
Mansford-street Church and Mission, Bethnal Green, 7, Rev. GORDON COOPER, B.A.
Peckham, Avondale-road, 11, Mr. RONALD BARTRAM; 6.30, Mr. H. L. JACKSON.
Plumstead, Common-road Unitarian Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. L. JENKINS JONES.
Richmond, Free Church, Ormond-road, 11.15 Rev. FELIX TAYLOR, B.A. No Evening Service.
Stepney Green, College Chapel, 11, Mr. W. R. MARSHALL; 7, Mr. EDWARD CAPLETON.
Stoke Newington Green, 11.15 and 7, Dr. F. W. G. FOAT, M.A.
Stratford Unitarian Church, 11, Mr. EDGAR NOEL, 6.30, Rev. T. E. M. EDWARDS.
Wandsworth Unitarian Christian Church, East Hill, 11 and 7, Rev. W. G. TARRANT, B.A.
Wimbledon, Smaller Worple Hall, 11.15, Rev. W. E. WILLIAMS, B.A.; 7, Rev. ARTHUR HURN, M.A.
Wood Green, Unity Church, 11 and 7, Rev. GEORGE CARTER.

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ABERYSTWTH, New Street Meeting House, 11 and 6.30, Mr. JOHN W. BROWN.
 BATH, Trim-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. M. McDOWELL.
 BEDFORD, 2.30 and 6.30.
 BLACKPOOL, Dickson-road, North Shore, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. ROBERT MCGEE.
 BLACKPOOL, South Shore Unitarian Free Church, Lytham-road South, 11 and 6.30.
 BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West Hill-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. C. COX.
 BRIGHTON, Free Christian Church, New-road, 11 and 7, Rev. PRIESTLEY PRIME.
 BUXTON, Hartington-road Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. GEORGE STREET.
 CANTERBURY, Ancient Chapel, Blackfriars, 10.50, Rev. J. H. SMITH.
 CHESTER, Matthew Henry's Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. D. JENKIN EVANS.
 DOVER, Adrian-street, near Market-square, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. ARTHUR GINEVER, B.A.
 DUBLIN, Stephen's Green West, 12, Rev. G. H. VANCE, B.D.
 FRAMLINGHAM, 11 and (first Sunday in month only) 6.30.
 GUILDFORD, Ward-street Church, North-street, 11 and 6.30, Mr. GEORGE WARD.
 HASTINGS, South Terrace, Queen's-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. S. BURROWS.
 HARROGATE, Dawson's Rooms, St. Mary's Walk 6.30, Rev. A. H. DOLPHIN. "At the Dawn of a New Era."
 HORSHAM, Free Christian Church, Worthing-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. J. MARTEN.
 LEEDS, Mill Hill, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. C. HARGROVE, M.A.
 LEICESTER, Free Christian Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. WHITAKER, B.A.
 LIVERPOOL, Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, 11 and 6.30, Rev. CHARLES CRADDOCK.
 LIVERPOOL, Hope-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. FRANK WALTERS.
 LIVERPOOL, Ullet-road, Sefton Park, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. C. ODGERS, B.A.
 MAIDSTONE, Unitarian Church, Earl-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. ALEXANDER FARQUHARSON.
 NEW BRIGHTON and LISCARD, Memorial Church, Manor-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. PARRY.
 NEWPORT, Isle of Wight, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. M. LIVEN.
 OXFORD, Manchester College, 11.30, Rev. L. P. JACKS, M.A.
 PORTSMOUTH, High-street Chapel, 6.45, Rev. JAMES BURTON, M.A.
 PORTSMOUTH, St. Thomas-street, 6.45, Rev. T. BOND.
 SCARBOROUGH, Westborough, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. ALBERT THORNHILL, M.A.
 SEVENOAKS, Bessell's Green, The Old Meeting House, 11.
 SHEFFIELD, Upper Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. J. STREET, M.A., LL.B.

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GERMANY.

HAMBURG, The Church of the Liberal Faith, Logenhaus, Welckerstrasse. 11, Rev. GARDNER PRESTON.

SOUTH AFRICA.

CAPETOWN, Free Protestant (Unitarian) Church, Hout-street, 6.45, Rev. RAMSDEN BALMFORTH.

BIRTH.

McLACHLAN.—On July 9, to the Rev. and Mrs. Herbert McLachlan, Tempest-road, Leeds, a son.

MARRIAGE.

JACKSON—RENOID.—On July 11, at the Upper Brook Street Free Church, by the Rev. Charles Peach, William Hartas, elder son of William T. Jackson of Doncaster, to Mary Katharine, elder daughter of Hans Renold, of Manchester, and Mrs. Renold.

DEATH.

HUNTER.—On July 11, at his residence in Oldfield-road, Bath, Henry Julian Hunter, M.D., aged 85 years.

Now ready, and may be had of the writer, or of Saunders & Cullingham, 4, Burgon-street, London, E.C.

THE PRESENT STATE OF THE UNITARIAN CONNEXION.

By FRANCIS HAYDN WILLIAMS, Minister of Flowergate Old Chapel, Whitby.

It treats of the term "God": Mr. Whitaker and the Menziesian Dichotomy, the Van Mission, &c., &c.

Price One Shilling post free.

ANNUAL MEETING

OF EASTERN UNION OF UNITARIAN AND FREE CHRISTIAN CHURCHES

AND Re-opening of Churchgate Street Chapel, Bury St. Edmunds, after alterations. JULY 23, 1908.

Business Meeting in Chapel at 12 o'clock, W. H. Scott, Esq., President, in the chair. Service at 3 p.m. Preacher, Rev. J. E. Odgers, M.A., D.D., Public Meeting at 7.15 p.m. Chairman, Dr. W. Blake Odgers, K.C. Rev. W. C. Bowle and others will speak.

THE MINISTERIAL FELLOWSHIP SETTLEMENTS BUREAU brings together Congregations needing Ministers, and Ministers desiring a fresh charge. The Membership Roll of the Fellowship includes 169 Ministers, and is increasing annually. Congregations are invited to communicate with the Rev. J. CROWTHER HIRST, Gateacre, Liverpool, the Hon. Sec. of the Bureau. DENDY AGATE, President of the C. J. STREET Hon. Secretary } Fellowship.



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